

Dream writes Fanfic?

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Dream writes Fanfic?

by [FourWings](#)

Summary

George and Sapnap are dating. George finds out Dream writes fanfiction about all of them, so he and Sap decide to give Dream what he's been writing about.

"Did you read it?"

He couldn't wrap his mind around the fact Dream wrote about them so intimately, his best friend of several years wanted to fuck him, wanted them to fuck him. It was mind boggling

yet intoxicating, the idea of pressing the blond into the bed until he could hardly breathe, letting him have no room to- “That's a yes then.” George cut into his thoughts with a smug look, brown eyes peering at him excitedly. “I already read everything the little idiot wrote, he’s not bad, but the one I sent you was his most recent, and best work.” George was babbling he always does this when he gets too excited.

“George.” Sapnap called, his own tone lower than usual and snapping the usually dominant boy out of his ramblings, noting the flushed cheeks and hungry expression with a shiver. “We’re supposed to visit Dream this week, aren’t we?” Brown eyes shimmered in desire, reflecting his as he already guessed the more slender boy’s idea. “Did you have something in mind, babe?”

Notes

Warning: there is a short section in regards to rubbing at somebody with a socked foot. I don't like foot things, so its not very excessive but its a warning in case that's a hard trigger of sorts. There will be a part 2, I just wanted to push this out first. Expect it within a week or 2. Enjoy!

The idea came from my lovely friend, Voided_Space. They are amazingly talented, and have the best ideas they let me have and write to death, thanks Spacey. <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Teasing

“Are you sure he wrote this George?” Sappnap asked with a breath of surprise and uncertainty, dark eyes flicking up to the screen to meet George’s. The older boy was staring into the camera with an air of calmness and a strange glint in his eyes that made Sappnap tense. They had been dating for months now, not that Dream ever tuned his own playful ‘bit flirting’ to keep suspicion off them, but that glint in brown eyes never really ended well for Sappnap.

“Positive. He was busy and asked me to log into his email to confirm some purchase he made.” George started eagerly, tone raised as his face remained as calm as ever. “When I saw he got some ‘comment’ for a story.” Brown eyes flicked away to his second monitor, hardly hearing a scroll wheel of his mouse while his expression became flustered for a moment before returning to Sappnap with a look. “Did you read it?”

Sappnap swallowed audibly, unable to hold the intense gaze and shifting to the screen where Dream’s fanfiction, one he fucking *wrote* about them, *all* of them, sat read, only thing left were the comments from fans who were ranting about how ‘hot’ the story was. *It was*. Sappnap thought, and he had a suspicion that George thought the same, but wanted to let Sappnap express his opinion before pushing his own. He couldn’t wrap his mind around the fact Dream wrote about them so intimately, his best friend of several years wanted to fuck him, wanted them to fuck him. It was mind boggling yet intoxicating, the idea of pressing the blond into the bed until he could hardly breathe, letting him have no room to- “That’s a yes then.” George cut into his thoughts with a smug look, brown eyes peering at him excitedly. “I already read everything the little idiot wrote, he’s not bad, but the one I sent you was his most recent, and best work.” George was babbling, making Sappnap smirk in turn. *He always does this when he gets too excited.*

“George.” Sappnap called, his own tone lower than usual and snapping the usually dominant boy out of his ramblings, noting the flushed cheeks and hungry expression with a shiver. “We’re supposed to visit Dream this week, aren’t we?” Brown eyes shimmered in desire, reflecting his as he already guessed the more slender boy’s idea. Sometimes they could agree, or at least get there without arguing. “Did you have something in mind, babe?”

George’s smile was predatory, teeth just peeking between plump lips. “Why don’t we give him exactly what he’s been writing about, Sappnap?”

Sappnap answered with a measured and calculated grin of his own, resting his head on his palm delicately while staring at the second monitor, clicking on the username to browse the other fics, shivering at the amount and for how long the stories had been being posted. *Dream, you are so boned.* “Want to have fun while doing it?” He asked curiously, black eyes snapping back to meet George who looked beyond interested.

“Always.”

Dream flung open his door, grateful that he had the foresight to put a wall protector on his wall to keep the doorknob from ruining his walls, as a familiar tanned figure raced away from a yellow cab towards him. He grinned exuberantly, spreading his arms wide as Sapnap barreled into his arms, knocking him completely over with the amount of force, barely avoiding hitting himself on the floor as Sapnap laughed in his arms, immediately shifting to try and get up. “You are such an idiot Sap.” Dream huffed, pushing the younger boy off him with an expression that contradicted his words, a tooth grin his response.

“You both are, can one of you help me with these?” George complained from the middle of the yard, brown eyes staring critically at the pair still on the floor of the entryway, expression only mildly put out even as his eyes glimmered with something Dream hadn’t yet to see from the brunet, unreadable and brief. Sapnap smirked lazily at the other, the expression making him want to shudder, getting up slowly to lean against Dream’s doorway as if he owned the place.

“You seem to be managing fine.” Sapnap replied playfully, the blond at his side standing up quicker with a teasing expression, missing the darker mischievous look in his younger friend’s eyes as George’s expression shifted slightly, his eyebrow raising to give Sapnap a surprised look, testing the other’s resolve even as Dream stepped forward to offer the brunet help, beyond used to his friend’s antics.

“Fine.” George said, quickly shrugging Sapnap’s bag off his shoulder into the grassy patch beneath his feet, releasing the suitcase handle from his hand and walking towards Dream with only 2 bags in his hands, leaving the Texan’s items on the lawn with a mirthful grin. “Have it our way, maybe Dream will bring those in for you...” There was a slight pause in George’s speech before he pressed forward, the self-assured grin on his face firmly in place as Sapnap’s jaw dropped. “...if he feels like being good.” The words hung in the air tensely, Dream instantly going still at the strange wording, frantically ignoring the parts of his brain that jumped in response to the possibility of being good knowing he was projecting his own desires into otherwise innocuous words. *He probably means a good host.* Dream tried to tell himself, knowing he had been careful enough to not let the pair, who were happily dating, find out about his affections for them. That’s what he had his writing for, for his own fantasies that he wouldn’t be able to live out.

It almost tasted bitter thinking that way. Determined to not sour his mood when he finally got to see his friends for the first time in months, Dream clicked his tongue and thoughtlessly reached for Sapnap’s luggage, long fingers wrapping around the handles of the suitcase after tossing the brightly colored rucksack over his shoulder. Behind his back, George sent Sapnap a warning look, one that made the tanned boy shiver with a smarmy grin. “Be good or I’ll punish you before we even get to Dream.” George warned softly, nowhere near loud enough to be heard as a breeze ran through, shaking the drying and falling leaves outside Dream’s home, the sound a good cover up.

White teeth, pearly and somehow defiant, met his as dark eyes seemed to get darker with desire, the

other leaning in as Dream turned around, twisting around enough to press a gentle kiss to George's cheek, even as his teeth ran along a firm, *stern* jawline until his lips were pressed against the pale boy's ear. The slight hitch in breathing was enough to make Sapnap grin, knowing they were going to make a spectacular show both for and out of Dream already. "What if that's what I want, Georgie?" He breathed out, the words ghosting along the other's neck delightfully, bringing his face back away with a shit-eating grin that made George smirk playfully even as dark desires lingered in warm brown eyes. If it weren't for the blond who had his gaze on them, a hint of jealousy and want flickering in easy to read green eyes as he stared, George would have reached out with mean fingers to make bruises onto his skin.

"You could have just asked, Sap." George answered simply, settling for the brief shiver from the younger before taking the last few steps inside as a now slightly more downtrodden dirty blond came within hearing distance, face upbeat as ever even if green eyes had dimmed a bit. Sapnap took it in stride, already barely able to contain himself at the near pouting Dream was doing, as if he would ever admit it. *Deny, deny, denial*. He thought playfully, reaching out once the older boy was close enough to grab at the handle to his suitcase, purposefully letting his warm hand linger over cold fingers, the digits twitching in surprise and green eyes staring at him in muddled confusion for a brief moment. In the next he had pulled the other's hand away to wrap his own around the case, his expression still all too playful and knowing for the lingering touches to be innocent to the blond. Still, *denial* was a strong emotion and the blond simply felt the slightest rush of color flood his cheeks as he artfully crafted a friendly, teasing smirk to his face to banter with the raven haired boy who was rushing into the house, his house.

"Sap, come back and hold my hand properly." He teased, teeth showing just the slightest bit so that even his tongue could be seen, pressed against his teeth in a playful gesture while midnight eyes flashed. In a moment the raven snickered, effortlessly switching his hands on the handle to grasp a cold hand that nearly jumped and ripped away from the sudden affection. *He is so cute when he's flustered*. Sapnap thought, seeing freckled cheeks settle on a soft pink color to travel across the expanse of skin, green eyes staring at him in confusion only serving to make him laugh again, stepping forward to drag the older boy into the house, the action somehow feeling like being dragged into a predators den despite it being his own home. "Sa-"

"So where's the bedroom?" George asked as Sapnap and Dream stepped through the door, leaning lazily on his luggage before forcing a pout onto his face noticing their hands were linked together. "Wow Dream, moving on from me so quickly?" He asked in a mockingly offended voice, hands moving up to cross over his chest even as a playful smile crossed his lips, snickering as Dream dropped Sapnap's hand like it was a brand, the younger taking it in stride and leaning against the blonde, head tilted up just enough to let his breath ghost across the older boy's collarbones, pulling away the moment he shivered, dancing away as hands made to grab at him and a devilish smile on his lips.

"C'mere Sapnap~" Dream sing-songed, taking a step forward as Sapnap quickly hid behind George, the sight hilarious as Dream began to wheeze, taking another step forward.

“Dream.” George whined, letting his voice drop just enough to sound whiny, almost too whiny and forcing the blond to stop and stare into dark brown eyes. “Chase Sap after, I want to put my luggage away.” He demanded, the thin tenor falling away to reveal a firm request that even made Sappnap’s hands that rested warmly on his shoulders twitch in instinctual compliance. It took every scrap of control to not smirk at the brief dazed look on Dream’s face, looking almost suspicious until Sappnap sighed, letting go of the shorter boy to reach for his luggage as well, the fight falling off as quick as it had started.

“C’mon, you big baby.” Dream muttered just as fondly as the smile on his face indicated, absently flicking a light on and directing them down a hallway, blind to the twin mischievous smiles his friends shared behind his back as they all walked through the surprisingly large home, passing a few closed doors labeled ‘recording’ and ‘backup recording’ respectively. “This is my room,” Dream said with a gesture to the door on his left at the end of a hallway, “And then there’s the spare bedroom.” He added with another gesture to a room further down the hallway. “I figured, since you guys are dating,” *Hope that didn’t sound as bitter as it tasted*, “you would want to share a room.” The mood felt tense as he leaned over to reach for the doorknob pushing it in with a playful smirk at his two friends. “Try to not be too loud now.” There was a feral glint in Sappnap’s eyes that bode nothing good.

“No promises.”

“George!”

“Shut up Sappnap.” Dream wanted to die, shivering in his bed in the dark, the fan over his head the only quiet sound in his room while he could feel more than hear the bed in his spare bedroom ram into the wall slowly, but repeatedly. “I didn’t tell you to speak, now did I?” His skin crawled in heat, desire, at the strangled whimper that Sappnap made, shame curling in his gut as he was forced to acknowledge how bad he wanted to be in either of their positions, that he wanted to fuck his friends. How jealous he was that they were fucking each-other and not him.

“Please.” The sound was thin and raspy, as if Sappnap’s throat had been fucked. Dream could practically see it, dark eyes filled with lust as a thin trail of drool would be leaking past the corner of lips that had to be swollen from kisses he only assumed were forceful. He shivered as his cock twitched, embarrassed, ashamed, and turned on from the sounds of his friends while adding his own imagination to the mix, something he was all too good at doing considering he wrote about his friends fucking each-other or him. “George, I ne-” Sappnap cut off with a muffled shuffle with George’s laughter soon following, the strangest mixture of dark amusement and disappointment as hands hit the wall, causing a loud thump. *Fuck*. Dream thought, finally giving into his urges and slowly rolling his boxers down, forcing away his embarrassment for being so hard away by wrapping his hand around himself with a strangled hiss, biting his lip to hide the breathy noise he wanted to make.

“You really enjoy being punished don’t you?” George cooed, the sound harder to hear than before

due to him talking in a lower tone but Sapnap's whine was as loud as ever. "You like it when I do this to you? When I hold you by your throat until you turn all red and pretty?" Another whimper and another giggle from George combined with the words being said had Dream forgoing any sort of slow pace and instead just frantically trying to get off before his friends got too quiet, the pleasure burning out the shame that lingered in his veins as he heard another strangled moan through the walls. "You look so pretty right now Sap."

Dream shuddered, his free hand slowly dragging up his abdomen until it rested at the base of his throat, slack but heavy and warm and all too easy to imagine its owner being George. Too easy to imagine sparkling brown eyes staring down at him, with delight of condescension he couldn't decide, each making him shudder in imagination. "Please." Sapnap rasped, barely audible before his voice grew louder in a gasping moan, almost exaggerated if not for that sound being cut off.

"You are so loud, what do you want Dream to hear?" Dream's cock twitched in his hand, pulling off briefly to gather his composure after hearing George say his name in that dark almost mean tone he was using for Sapnap. *Fuck*. He barely let his hand rest on his abdomen while also trailing the hand on his neck slightly higher, looking for the safe spot to press on as George laughed loudly, in contrast to the almost hushed tone he had been using all night. "You do, god you are disgusting." George sneered and the face in Dream's mind turned mean, looking down on him and he decided to press on his neck slightly, gasping in surprise despite doing it to himself. "He's our friend and you want him to hear us?"

"Geor-"

"Shut up Sapnap." George cut the younger's pleading off dismissively, the tone and words sending Dream right up against the edge. "Just sit there and take it." Dream shook, even hearing the words of Sapnap being disgusting for wanting him to hear them making him burn in shame that did nothing but send him closer to his orgasm. He could practically hear George whispering those same things in his own ear. *What if he found out I wrote about us*. He couldn't help but wonder as his imagination spun out of control, hand quickly finding its way back to his dick as the world around him fell away, only hearing rhythmic bangs against the wall. *He'd think I was disgusting for writing about my friends*. He ran his thumb against his head while loosening the grip on his neck enough to take in a deep breath, vision spinning beneath closed lids. *He'd be mean, he wouldn't let me have a moment to beg for forgiveness*. The hand on his neck tightened again, somehow his own touch harsher and meaner as he bit his lip to strangle his own desperate noises. He couldn't let them know, but imagining they knew was enough. "*Dream, if you feel so bad make it up to me by shutting up, stupid whore.*" Dream could taste blood in his mouth as he bit down on his lip hard while he came all over his hand, waves of pleasure washing through his veins as he let out only the slightest of moans, shaking the whole way through before finally removing his hands to rest them on his midsection while breathing heavily.

"George!" Sapnap finally yelled a moment later, the frantic bangs on the wall stuttering before falling away into twin groans and silence. Dream's cock twitched in mock interest at the sound and implications while he shivered, throwing the vivid imaginations of George's flushed face and

Sapnap's stomach being covered in cum like him away to bring one arm up to rest over his eyes. Once again the only sound in his room was the slow whirling of his ceiling fan, definitely more mocking as if it had seen everything and was smug in its knowledge.

"I'm so fucked." He said aloud quietly, shame burning up so hotly in his ears he couldn't hear the twin soft giggles, so faint they may not have happened at all.

"Sapnap, what are you doing?" Dream asked as the younger boy splayed out across the couch, his feet resting on George's lap who hardly spared a glance at him while raven locks were on his lap. He shifted slightly, looking up with an innocent enough look in dark eyes, something just behind the surface that Dream couldn't confidently identify as he quirked a fine dark eyebrow.

"I'm getting ready to watch this show with you." He answered with a tone that made it obvious he wasn't seeing the connections Dream was. *Probably because he doesn't see me the same way.* Dream thought, barely suppressing the color that threatens to spread past the tips of his ears onto his cheeks. "What, do homies not watch movies like this?" He followed up with a playful but cautious smile, the muscles in his right arm already tensing as if to sit up and exchange positions with George until Dream forced a laugh, the sound genuine enough.

"I forgot how touchy you are." He tried to play off even as knowing brown eyes stared at him, the faintest grin burning holes into him as Sapnap snickered, flopping his head back down on Dream's lap who hissed at the impact, the sensation borderline painful. "What movie did you pick Georgie?"

"Harry Potter, since Sapnap hasn't seen them." George answered easily, the knowing smirk refusing to fall away as he turned his full attention to Dream who squirmed under the expression. "Just press play Dream, Sap shut up."

"I wasn't even talking!" Sapnap argued, the two he was spread across laughing at his indignant tone while lightly tanned fingers moved to press the play button, iconic music blaring through the speakers and lights dimming as the sunset faded into night.

"Shut up." They both said as the younger boy pouted in Dream's lap, staying surprisingly still.

It was less than an hour later when George started to squirm a bit on the opposite end of the couch, Dream sparing a quick glance and seeing pale features that seemed to be even more washed out than usual due to the white lights of the television being twisted into a frown that still seemed amused. Green eyes flicked away before he could be noticed for staring, attention returning back to the movie as a loud crash echoed through the sound system, making Dream jump briefly.

Sapnap snickered in his lap, one of his hands shifting to touch at Dream's legs but nothing more even as George shuffled again, this time Dream sparing another glance and noticing his eyebrows were furrowed in annoyance, frown the same as before. This time Dream caught the slightest movement from Sapnap's feet as they shifted slowly, deliberately, across George's thighs, stopping their movement as they hung around his knees. Dream nearly shook his head before realizing it wasn't his place to do so, even if his heart sang at him to do something about the tension he had been feeling grow around the three of them in the last 24 hours they'd been here.

Another minute passed before George's hand snapped out to catch Sapnap's ankle, grip unyielding as he forced the other's clothed feet to stop running along his nap and holding them in place mid thigh, the harsh squeeze a gentle but firm warning. Dream didn't catch the smirk on Sapnap's face that George did, dark eyes staring at the movie screen but not paying attention as he wiggled his toes playfully before staying still. George knew well enough that Sapnap would try and tease him again, but there was the slightest bit of color on Dream's cheeks as he was watching the movie, his interest almost too forced. *No, definitely too forced.* George asses quickly, smug curiosity building inside his chest as he let go of the younger boy's ankles slowly, swiping his thumb against a covered Achilles tendon as if to grant soft permission. Sapnap shivered gratefully, George watching Dream out the corner of his eye while also pretending to watch the movie with the knowledge the blond was paying more attention that he was letting on.

Sure enough, only a few minutes later did Sapnap lightly drag his feet across George's lap, this time closer to George's crotch before resting there almost teasingly. The brunet shivered at the proximity enough to let George understand what he was planning on doing and giving the older a chance to stop him. Still, a quick glance at the blond who was pointedly avoiding his gaze gave George the incentive and desire to let the raven have his fun, shivering hard as the warm limb ran over him. This got Dream's attention, barely tilting his head to stare out the corner of his eyes and meeting molten brown eyes and cheeks that had color to them, the frown now upturned into a smug grin having caught the blond. Dream's own face took on some color, shy and guilty for having been caught as Sapnap, only partially oblivious to the actions happening behind his back, rubbed his foot again. George let out an audible gasp, light enough to be disregarded and hidden by another loud sound from the movie if not for Dream staring and being entranced by dark eyes that refused to let him go, watching plump pink lips open and close while the hand on the couch slowly dragged up the back of Sapnap's jean-covered calf, making the youngest shiver as well.

"Dream." George said softly, barely able to keep his voice from going too low, looking as if he wanted to ask a question, reeling the blond in enough to have him turn his full face around. At this Sapnap smirked, running his foot in hard, applying firmer pressure that had George shaking, the fingertips digging into his flesh unapologetically hard, making him keen out in a way that was not friendly in any capacity. The youngest felt brown eyes staring at his head even as he could feel Dream growing just behind his head, the action non-subtle but easy to ignore as George dragged his fingers down his leg until he was gasping again, now having the oldest's full attention. Sapnap turned his head, cheeks slightly colored and dark eyes molten as he caught a glimpse of shy red cheeks and panicked green eyes before meeting flushed red cheeks and dark brown eyes, the smirk enough to make Sapnap squirm and sit up at an impatient tap to his ankle.

“Dream.” Now George’s voice was low, deep with implications as he gazed into nervous green eyes, ones that look torn between actions. *He’s so adorable for being such an idiot.* He thought to himself while Sapnap’s feet fell off his lap. “Me and Sapnap are going to sleep now.” He cast a harsh glance to Sapnap who grinned cheekily, both not missing the shiver and faint sound that came from Dream’s chest. “Sorry for bailing on the movie, I’ll make it up with lunch tomorrow.” He didn’t bother waiting for an answer, the guilty look in green eyes and pinched tight lips indication enough that he and Sapnap’s plan was working even better than anticipated. *He’s so eager, but what’s holding him back?* He wondered distantly even as he stood up, tugging Sapnap up firmly with him and dragging him to the hallway. The youngest locked his gaze with green eyes, expression playful and meaningful before lips twisted into a smirk and his tongue poked explicitly in his cheek, creating a bulge of sort that had no misconceptions. He laughed pointedly as Dream’s cheeks turned red, no longer a shy blush but bold in its presence, as he was dragged down the hall and the door was shut firmly.

The blond sat there, cheeks a deep shade of red at the implications of Sapnap’s last actions, his throat already tightening up in- was it sympathy or desire? He couldn’t tell, maybe he didn’t want to, but he did reach out and slowly turn the television down until it was hardly audible, pricking his ears for the sounds he knew would be coming from behind the closed door soon. Sure enough once the Tv was quiet enough he heard a loud thump and familiar whine, *why is it familiar now*, against the closed door.

“You are incorrigible Sapnap.” George said heatedly, a warmth undertone to the otherwise harsh words. He knew Sapnap must have wanted to say something until Dream heard another thump against the wall and he could practically see George, despite being an inch shorter, looming over the taller boy, crowding him in. “Seriously, with Dream there on the couch? Are you trying to make me angry?”

“Maybe, or maybe I just want your cock George.” Fuck if Dream couldn’t see the smirk Sapnap would be wearing, maybe a hair over the wrong side of mocking but it was purposeful and meant to rile up George. Sure enough there was a harsh laugh from the brunet and then a moment of silence where Dream wondered if the pair had noticed the sounds of the movie had stopped until he heard Sapnap offer a sound between a laugh and whine. “Not like this.” He said in a similar tone after a soft thump on the carpet, drawing lines for Dream he couldn’t live without, already resisting the urge to turn the television up and let his two friends, who were *happily* in a relationship, have their privacy and tugging himself out his own pants, half hard.

“I thought you wanted my cock Sappitus?” George asked, making Dream pause and shiver at how utterly dominating the tone was, and Sapnap felt it too as there was another quiet noise, complicit and agreeable. Dream closed his eyes and tipped his head back, knowing George’s smile would be more like a smirk, full of teeth with the corners tipped up just enough to seem mocking while staring down at Sapnap who was, assumingly, on his knees in front of him. *Shit.* Dream wrapped a hand around himself, taking slow, measured strokes and breathing out slowly through his nose. “Then get to work, slut.”

“Fuck.” Dream whispered only a touch too softly to be heard, the words lost in the open air as he listened to the silence, too far away to hear the soft shuffling of clothes, George’s pants, dropping to the ground as Sapnap hurried to obey. He did hear the quiet gasp from the brunet as Sapnap wrapped his lips around George’s head, sucking softly and licking at the tip while pale hands twined into his hair gently, knowing how sensitive the other’s head was.

“Your mouth is so good Sap.” George mumbled quietly, rolling his hips forward to shallow thrust into the younger boy’s mouth, never pushing more than an inch in, teasing Sapnap with a smug look as dark eyes looked up to meet his needily, staying in place under pale fingers. “So pretty with your lips wrapped around me.” He praised, eliciting a soft whimper that was loud enough for the blond on the couch a room away to hear, causing him to speed up the pace. George, Sapnap too he was willing to bet, would be lying if they said the idea of Dream hearing them, listening to them and settling in his own jealousy and need wasn’t a delightful layer to every action he made the last 2 days. He knew the blond wanted them, they both did, and they spent all the time they could trying to make him want them enough to reach for them, but George was reaching the end of his patience, which means Sapnap had already met the end of his rope. “I’ve missed you, having you on your knees for me. It’s been so long I almost forgot how good it felt.” He added, tenderly, pulling away from thoughts that made him want to tear down the hallway and grab the blond, holding out for one more night and instead gently stroking Sapnap’s cheeks.

Sapnap gave a soft hum around his cock, shivering at the gentle gesture and his eyes softening in response, his own eyes reflecting George’s similar need. He then flicked his tongue across George’s slit on an outstroke, the brunet’s grip tightening slightly and making him wince before sucking. “You want me to fuck your mouth, baby?” George asked, a genuine question. “Or do you want to do the work.” *That sounds like a trick question.* Sapnap couldn’t help but think even as he flicked his tongue again, lips still stretched prettily around George’s cock that twitched in the heat of his mouth before the older pulled out for him to answer.

“Fuck my mouth George, I miss it I want to ga-” George slipped back in with a fond sigh that only appeared disappointed, the grip on his hair loosening to then brace against the back of his head so he could be held in place without pulling.

“I didn’t ask you to babble about how big a cock-slut you were Sap.” George mocked, the mean tone back and all notions of affections gone as he slowly slid in. He smirked down into already shiny black eyes as the younger started to choke and gag, taking his time to bottom out in the boy’s mouth and sitting there for a few moments and then pulling out as slowly, the desperate whine after one thrust indicating how needy the younger boy was. “You get so different when you haven’t cum in a few days.” George assessed in a distant tone, speaking loud enough for the boy on the couch to hear, wanting Dream to know he wasn’t as nice as everybody was. *His stupid fanfics aren’t far off the mark though.* He thought, sliding in slowly and cutting off another needy whine. “You get so needy, so desperate you’ll take anything I give you and whine for more.” His grin turned darker as Sapnap shook, trying to pull back to speak or beg for George to be faster except the older boy’s hands held Sapnap in place, *forcing* him to be still and *be good*. “You just turn into a cute little cock slut just for me, isn’t that right, Sap?” He pulled out again to let the boy speak, watching a

sizable amount of spit drip down his chin onto the carpet and his pants.

“Georgeee.” He whined, already sounding hoarse and louder, clearly forgetting to monitor their volume just enough to not make Dream suspicious and just giving into his need. *I’ll get him for it later, when we have Dream with us.* George thought with a smirk that made Sapnap shiver in arousal and fear. “Please fuck my throat, I want you to please.”

God he sounds wrecked already. Dream thought from the couch, picking up the pace while thinking about how hard Sapnap must be. *And he hasn’t cum in days? George makes him do that? Fuck, I want to.* He still didn’t stop his pace, gingerly bucking his hips into his hand, making a thin ring with his thumb and pointer finger to force his head through and groaning with each motion, trying to keep his voice down enough to not let the boys down the hall hear him, learn that he was getting off to them. Something tickled his brain, telling him there wasn’t something exactly normal or right about the last few days, but the moan from Sapnap down the hall forced the fuzzy thoughts away, leaving just the need to cum.

“You are such a good beggar Sapnap.” George cooed, hands threading gently through black hair before running his cock against the other’s open lips, not pushing in but letting a mixture of spit and precum rub onto the younger’s face and lips, making them shinier than before. “You know even if I get off tonight I’m not going to let you, right babe?” A meek nod was his answer, dark eyes glimmering in potent desire. *God, why is he so good, and such a little shit?* George paused hearing a string of gasps and moans from down the hall, so faint he almost wondered if he actually heard them if not for Sapnap’s sharp hitch in breathing and glancing away from George, eyes shutting to hear them better and a visceral shudder running through his body. “You hear him too?” He whispered as Sapnap nodded, eyes fluttering and glancing back at him with a renewed desire, mouth opening wider and being more inviting. “Such a good slut for me.” George praised, slipping his cock back in and giving Sapnap no mercy this time, thrusting in quickly and listening to the heady gasps that made his skin burn, taking care to let Sapnap breathe every so often while the loud gagging sounds echoed through the room, knowing the younger boy could hear them from the living room. The thought brought a smirk to his lips, staring down at Sapnap who tapped on his thigh to breathe.

He pulled out long enough to let him get a few more needy breaths, the small amount of drool and precum having grown to practically coat this chin and shirt. He then pressed back in, Sapnap’s making a choked noise that was louder than before and George knew he had to hurry up for the younger boy. At the same time a lewd moan, loud before quickly being muffled, reached their ears, Sapnap’s cheeks turning redder as he stared needily into brown eyes that were hot enough to burn him alive if he dived in. “You hear that Sap?” He asked quietly, the noises not stopping but getting harder to hear. “He’s doing that for us, from hearing you take my cock so well.” His own voice was breathier, Sapnap’s eyes glazing over more. They both were basically at their limit although Sapnap would be unsatisfied for tonight. “He knows you’re such a little cock slut, that you listen so well.” each word he said only brought him closer to the edge, but he couldn’t wait to fall over the edge. “Wait until he finds out you’re a switch.” George added lowly, watching glazed eyes refocus and another moan, lower and louder this time, vibrate around his cock. *So close, holy shit.* “You’re going to fuck him so good for me, pull him apart for me to ruin him aren’t you Sap? You’re so

good at it I can't wait to see him crying for y- oh fuck." He stopped mid sentence, holding him in place as he thrust once more, bottoming out and cumming hard down the other's throat. He felt the younger's hands at his thighs, digging in but not tapping or pushing, letting George enjoy the sparks that flew behind closed eyes and shaking at the nearly boneless feeling in his legs before pulling out, Sapnap spitting the cum out onto his already ruined shirt after shrugging it off quickly, wiping his face as George leaned against the wall to catch his breath. They both noticed the lack of noise from down the hall, only a few moments shorter than theirs as the TV volume was cranked back up to cover himself. Sapnap smirked, standing up to wrap an arm around George's waist and guiding him to the bed, pulling the older closer and kissing at his face and neck tenderly.

"You're so good to me." Sapnap muttered when pale hands started to stroke at his bare back, fingertips still shaking and he knew they had to be fuzzy.

"You are too." George mumbled, sounding more fucked out than Sapnap but more stable as well. *I should as-* "You're still not getting off tonight." *Damn it.*

"I know." He paused the room quiet before he nuzzled into the older's neck, grinning. "I can't wait to pull him apart for you. Soon?" There was a weak smile against his neck, teeth grazing his skin tenderly enough to make his hard cock twitch and body shiver. *Tease.*

"Soon."

Down the hall Dream was breathing hard, quickly trying to clean his mess and thanking whatever forces there were in the universe for not letting his friends hear him, although something nagged at him that they were still being weird and knew more than they let on. It wasn't until he went to sleep that night did he finally make the connection to the first fic he ever wrote about them, where it was George listening in to him and Sapnap fucking, the lines "Maybe I just want your cock" ringing through his brain as he drifted off, knowing he wrote it down as something Sapnap said to him in a story once. Not that he would remember clearly in the morning, thanks to memory and sleeping.

Taunting

Chapter Summary

“Us? Messing with you?” Sapnap dared to ask, Dream no longer seeing dark black eyes but feeling a warm breath fan across his neck as the younger boy’s weight settled more on his chest, pressed together and fully pinned. I’m so vulnerable. “If anything, you have been messing with us Dreamie.” His head spun, surely they didn’t know. He knew they knew, that George picking his story wasn’t an accident or some coincident, but even letting his thoughts trail there made his heart flutter painfully, the sparks shifting across his skins like fire, truly burning him alive in shame filled arousal.

“What do you mean?” Now he was quiet, afraid. Scared and turned on. He bit back a moan as teeth scraped along his neck, the pressure light and teasing, but surely a warning that their patience for his ignorance, feigned or not, was reaching its limit.

“You know exactly what we mean. You fucking wrote about us, didn't you Dream?”

Chapter Notes

Things are finally coming to a head. Dream is still stuck in denial, the little idiot.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream shivered as a cold breeze swept through the open door into the room, green eyes staring up at the ceiling as he was subjected, once again, to Sapnap getting his brains fucked out in the room next door. They had done this every night since they came in, which really was only 3 days at this point, but each night Dream had found himself tugging his dick out of his boxers with the pricks of shame burning through his shoulders only to melt away the moment he started to stroke. He hated that he couldn’t help himself, Sapnap’s begging so loud it was so easy to hear through the only rooms he hadn’t sound proofed in his home and George’s demands and laughs, so mocking and yet warm, would ring in his ears after, playing on a loop until he finally fell asleep.

The only difference is he fucking woke up to it this time.

“George! I’m so close please!” Sappnap nearly screamed making Dream grit his teeth. He almost wondered if they were doing it on purpose to mess around with him, there was no way Sappnap was that loud and there is no way they went at it like this all the time. It only took the blond another moment to remember that, despite the fact the other two were dating, they still lived an ocean apart and hardly had the time to meet in person. Of course they were taking advantage of this time to fuck each other. *But do they really have to be that loud?* He wondered grumpily, quickly shifting forward and hissing as his dick decided to remind him how hard he was from waking up to a show.

“No Sap.” George grunted, surprisingly clear enough for Dream to hear, voice straining as the wall thumped, making Dream jump and his dick twitch in interest. *Not now.* He thought, forcing himself to stand up and make his way to the shower. “Not yet, you know why.” *George is so mean.* A pause in thinking as he closed his bathroom door behind him, the extra door muffling the sounds further. *I wish he were mean to me sometimes.* Without any more distractions he turned his shower on, the hot water steaming up the room and gratefully fogging up his mirror, avoiding his own image in an attempt to deny that he was hard. He leaned against the warm wall as hot water ran over his tense muscles, hand already drifting towards his erection.

“I’m so fucked.”

George snuck a glance at Sappnap who was still breathing heavily on the bed, fingers digging into the bed in thinly veiled restraint. “You did so well Sappnap.” He tried to say it nicely, but the words came out slightly more sarcastic than he intended, midnight eyes snapping to his with mild frustration.

“Shut up George.” He snapped quickly, the slightest twitch in his lips that almost made a sneer before his head flopped back on the pillow, shivering hard. “God you are so mean I still am so close.” The harsh tone yielded to a soft whine at the end, pretty black eyes closing to breath out shakily.

George smiled gently, letting the harsh tone be forgiven as he cupped the younger boy’s cheeks, the next inhale much sharper and dark eyes staring at him pleadingly, the sounds even building in his throat but having enough control to not say them. “I know baby, but you are taking it so well.” He murmured softly, lips pressing to Sappnap’s forehead tenderly. “You are being so good and patient, I’ll be nice to you when we take Dream to make up for it.”

Sappnap barked a laugh, the hands that were still tangled in now wrinkled bedsheets releasing to reach up and grab brown hair harshly, the grip as tight as before and illustrating to the brunet just how close he was. “You better.” He breathed out, as if even speaking too loudly would set him off and all the edging from the last 5 days, since they started before even making it to Dream’s home, would be put to waste. “Soon?” He asked, hardly daring to ask until pretty pink lips twisted into a grin that made Sappnap shiver, this time grateful it wasn’t directly against him but also the unsuspecting blond.

“Tonight, pretty boy.”

“You guys really want to do that?” Dream asked in feigned disbelief, hoping he had put on a good enough act considering his heart was thumping against his chest so hard he was surprised it wasn’t actually visible. “You are literally in my house and instead of going out and doing something fun like, i don’t know, driving out to a beach and having a bonfire, you want to sit here and read fanfiction?” *What the fuck? What the actual fuck? This isn’t happening, this is so weird no way this is-*

“We do it all the time, but I never get to see your face when you laugh at the stories we read.” Sappnap explained as George forced a pout to his face, barely able to keep the smug look out of his eyes unless he wanted to give them away. “C’mon, we’re going to be here for 5 more days anyways, let’s take a break tonight and we can do something fun tomorrow.” Sappnap tried, keeping just enough space from Dream to plead without crowding him. The tone made Dream shiver, only a few notes deeper than when the younger would beg George, something he was too familiar with to not let the sound affect him. With his composure broken, black eyes stared at him curiously, picking a chink of his act off to see the nervousness that lied in green eyes, delicious and enticing. “But we don’t have to if you really don’t wan-”

“Shut up Sappnap.” Dream said with a thick tongue, mouth dry and looking away from prying dark eyes to meet brown ones staring at him curiously, all of them sending alarms to his brain that he was being too weird about this, they were going to suspect he was hiding something and that was the last thing he needed. “We can do it, I just don’t want you guys to leave and feel like you wasted a trip.” The smile he managed to plaster onto his face was hardly convincing, but he turned away before the other two could call him on it, stepping away to fish out his iPad that had George is Gay lasered onto the back and connecting it to his television so they could all read it at the same time.

“How considerate.” George said, depositing himself on the couch on the far end while Sappnap sat on the other end, leaving Dream to be in the middle. He would be lying if he didn’t say the arrangement made him hesitate, green eyes quickly scanning innocent enough expressions, not trying to linger even as his cheeks lit pink. *As if being between them isn’t something I don’t want.* He tried to chastise himself, failing miserably as his cheeks only grew more colored and sitting quickly, grateful for the white color of the television doing wonders to hide the pigmentation unless you were looking for it. Brown eyes lingered on him a moment too long, appearing pensive before snapping his fingers as if he had remembered something suddenly.

“I think I have one a fan sent in a dono written down somewhere. Hand it over, I’ll find it.” George said, reaching out and plucking the tablet neatly from loose and unsteady fingers that offered little resistance. Dream didn’t trust himself to look at the others, begging for George to pick some stupid crack fic, or anything not explicit for some change of pace, starting to spiral in his own thoughts and fantasies that he usually turned into fanfictions now starting to take place in his life and he wasn’t ready for it. He wasn’t sure how convincing his act was as he forced himself to relax into the couch, limbs unbelievably tense as stress and anxiety forced his brain to do mental

somersaults to be able to handle the situation he found himself in, not even noticing George googling a familiar name to the story, Sapnap snickering at his side.

“Dream was Jealous?” The younger boy questioned, the name sending Dream’s heart into his feet, forgetting to breath for a moment as his eyes struggled to focus on the television screen and seeing that story was indeed on the screen. *What the fuck, am I dreaming?* That was the only thought that crossed Dream’s mind as he stared blankly at the screen, missing the mischievous grins the pair on either side of him shared. Slowly he began to feel the numbness in his fingertips fading away, forcing his expression to become less shocked and concerned, instead trying to shift to amused indifference. “What is this thing even about?” *How on earth is it one of my own stories?*

“Yeah George, seems like a weird fic if you ask me.” Dream added, knowing he didn’t look as calm as he wanted to, but the only way to try and salvage the situation was to double down.

George snickered in easy amusement, brown eyes meeting Dream’s over the lip of the tablet in his hands with a coy look. “It’s about the love or host thing I did, makes sense since it was recommended a while ago.” He tried to sound thoughtful, glancing back down at the screen knowing he wouldn’t be able to help but smirk if he were to look up at the flustered blond. His cheeks were so red it was nearly impossible to ignore or miss, his hands twitching nervously at his side while his breathing was softer and shakier than normal. Even his smile, a sad attempt at easy-going and feeling more like a child that had been caught elbow deep in a cookie jar was intoxicating enough to the brunet who was beyond ready to snap the younger blond up and ruin him. *Patience*. He reminded himself as Dream glanced at him in confusion.

“If it was a while ago how did you remember it?” He tried to ask, attempting to push back up to normalcy and banter with the brunet, desperately wishing to get off the backpedaling he had been doing for the last few minutes in his mind. To his surprise, and unfortunate arousal, he got a bemused and disregarding smile from George, looking like a predator and Dream felt cornered despite being in the center of the couch, not braced against anything.

“How can I now, you were jealous of Minx.” George joked back, the tone not sounding innocent as Dream felt himself get pinker, small lines and snippets of information he had heard from the last few days just starting to connect in his brain, fusing and guiding his thoughts places he had been desperately trying to avoid in the name of friendship. “We don’t have to read it, but a fan did recommend it and I figured what better place to start than one where you are literally jealous of some dumb girl.” *Jesus, George*. He was surprised he didn’t make a sound, feeling the tension in his throat become hard enough to swallow as the tenor and implications too close to home when they were literally reading his fic about him fucking George.

“Nah let’s read it, might be funny. What’s the rating?”

“Explicit- wow somebody really did send a porn fic didn’t they?” George answered with faux surprise, glancing at Sapnap who had been inching closer to the blond through the whole conversation. “Here Dream, you can scroll.” He said, shoving the technology back to Dream, watching him fumble with it briefly.

“Jesh, just cause I’m made of money doesn’t mean you shouldn’t be careful George.” The blond chastised quietly, righting the device and forcing the anxiety in his gut down to try and make room for his own terrible acting. “Just let me know when you slow poked want me to scroll.” He offered, scrolling down to center the first few paragraphs on the screen, only pretending to read it, not wanting to seem disinterested even as he wanted to run away from this situation. *What is their game? Have they been flirting with me this whole time?* He wondered, a tap on his knee from both directions indication enough to scroll down slightly. *Even when we’re online? Is that a joke? Am I reading into it too much?*

Sapnap started laughing loudly to his right, hand digging into his knee and making the space warm. “That’s hilarious, ‘I’m the only option’ Jesus.” Sapnap cut off as George snickered to his left, the other’s hand on the couch. “That really does sound like Dream, he was so jealous when you were on that Minecraft Date with Minx.”

“I was not!” Dream defended, now feeling a warm hand rest on his thigh, picking up the warmth acutely and freezing as George laughed at the indignation.

“You totally did, you even admitted it on Stream.” George argued, voice just a touch too low and tenor entirely too foreboding to be friendly, the presence on his body quickly becoming too hot as his brain reminded him of his fantasies that they were reading together. “You’re a liar.”

“Shut up.” God why did he sound so meek, they hadn’t read anything yet and Dream felt so raw and exposed he couldn’t breath, he couldn’t act normal, everything was too easy to read into and misconstrue. *I can’t do this.*

The hand on his thigh moved down towards his knee, the action so simple but somehow giving him space to breath despite being nowhere near his neck or chest. It almost felt calculated but Dream couldn’t bring his eyes away from the screen, no longer having to feign interest as he treated the brightly lit object like a lifeline when he was drowning in a sea of desire he still was unsure if it was being reciprocated or not. “Dream, you can scroll idiot.” Sapnap said near his ear, Dream glancing up to see a playful smile with just a hint of hunger in the edges of it. It was almost enough to make him believe he wasn’t reading into the small actions that had been bothering him for days if not for the quick shift into a toothy and friendly grin, black eyes glancing down to the iPad and dragging his finger across it to scroll down. “Idiot.” He said fondly, leaning out of the blond’s space quickly enough to make Dream feel cold, missing the warmth from his proximity and unsure when he had lost control over his own thoughts, when he had started giving into the desires his brain wanted to provide to him. This time a soft noise escaped him, disguisable as a soft

exhale but not convincing enough as he felt hungry brown eyes assess him wordlessly. He was grateful for George's silence as he still wasn't sure what was up or down, clinging to the screen and scanning the words without reading them, waiting for another tap on his knee to tell him to scroll down as his nerves changed from anxiety to sparks just waiting for fuel or hot touches to set him on fire until his own self control and restraint burnt down around him.

"What's with all this cheesy dialogue?" George asked, tone sounding unimpressed even as he sat stiff, excitement thumping through his veins as he could see Dream falling apart further, the stillness of his limbs and breathing so erratic while his face and ears turned pink in time with his eyes glazing over enough to show he was thinking more than being in the moment. All of it made George want to reach over, push the taller and typically bossier boy around, really show him his place. But, he reminded himself as his hands twitched in desire, this was Sapnap's part to play, and god he couldn't wait to watch Sapnap break Dream. So he played along as Sapnap's tanned hands slowly went higher up Dream's thigh, not being noticed quite yet. "Not half as rough as your night is going to be? Who comes up with this?" *I wonder if he's going to defend it or agree?* He watched the blond with eager eyes as his jaw set slightly in anticipation.

"It's not that bad." *Defend it is, that should make Sapnap's job easier.* "I mean it seems natural enough, coming from 'me'." He tried to cover up his response that sounded too defensive with a passive and shy shrug, not that it made Sapnap's smirk go away, the raven's confidence shooting through the roof as he hummed playfully.

"Oh come on Dream." Sapnap said, tone thick and sweet like honey making the blond shiver and look into dark eyes that were certainly not friendly, freezing in place. "Go ahead then, say it if it's not so bad or inaccurate coming from you." *Sapnap is going for it then.* George thought as he could practically see Dream's brain short circuit from the coy smile and words. The gaze was daring, a challenge and Dream couldn't resist a challenge, even as he knew it would dig his grave. The question was becoming less of would Dream dig it, but whether he would fall in or if George and Sapnap would drag him kicking and screaming in. George wanted the later, and from the glint in hazy green eyes, he would get his wish.

"No way, that's weird." Dream tried to argue back, voice stronger than it had been all night, attempting to shift gears and pull away from the flustered headspace he had been in.

"Pussy." George spat, playing into it and nearly groaning as flushed red cheeks and flustered green eyes met his, a new glint of fire and fight in them now. *Fuck.*

"Fuck you George." He said mockingly, finding his voice back and sliding into a familiar role, less the good host or even the confident persona he often used when streaming. Dream would rather *die* than admit it, but he preferred hanging out in his friends chats when they streamed, or even recording videos where he could be himself, which was a huge fucking brat. He was never afraid to throw words back at his friends, bitch and whine to get his way, and he always loved it when

George would give in with that dismissive voice as if he wasn't worth the fight, that voice had inspired so many of his fantasy based stories. He enjoyed being a brat and messing with his friends, because he had nobody to hold him accountable for his actions and he took so much delight in every strained expression or tone from those he ripped into without much regard for later repercussions, although at night he would imagine just how much trouble he would get in if somebody were to hold him responsible for his actions. So he settled himself into there, finally able to ditch the shy and flustered mindset he had been stuck in and talk to the pair he had over, shifting his expression accordingly.

Sapnap saw the change more than George would, perhaps because he also had a bit of a bratty streak. There really was something about George that drew them like a magnet, and they stuck around like flies. Sapnap could see the shyness slough off as a spark he wasn't used to seeing but was familiar with hearing enter bright green eyes, the hunched and stiff limbs becoming limber and tense as if he would be ready to run, not away but to chase. Even his breathing evened out, the inhales shorter and the exhales longer as a familiar grin, toothy only in the corners, crossed his face, freckles moving tauntingly. *I fucking knew he was a brat.*

George only saw the slight change in smile, meeting it with his own grin that was toothy and mean. "Say it, Dream. Or are you too scared to say it?" He shot back as Sapnap watched with heated eyes, the hand still moving further up, finally his left hand on Dream's right hip without the blond boy noticing. *This is too easy.*

Dream's eyes flared with challenge, his exhale sounding like a snort of indignation. "Why do you want me to say it so badly, Georgie?" he breathed out, finally not overthinking as he pushed further into the mindset. *It's all fun and jokes, that's all it's ever been.* They didn't feel half as bitter as they could have sounded, the blond relishing in finally able to talk and react with his friends without intrusive thoughts and desires guiding him, treating it like a recording even as his gut swam, taking in all the looks and words and tones and knowing what his brain refused to acknowledge. The shift made it easier to interact, even if it was based on a half-baked lie that grew in pretend ignorance. Still, before the other could react and offer him what he was sure would be an equally fun response, he moved to face the screen again, refusing to look at either of them while he spoke, it would feel too intimate and break his rush of confidence. "Was rough, but not half as rough as your night is going to be." He said, letting his voice drop down several octaves until he sounded like he did that one time he was chasing down the brunet in a manhunt and had said the older boy's name in a deeper tone that had George begging him to never say it like that again.

He heard the sharp inhales, smirk on his face and getting ready to turn and tease George when Sapnap's hand on his hip, *when did that get there*, tightened and he suddenly found the iPad being ripped from his hands. In the same moment he felt a weight settle into his lap, another hand reaching for his other hip, pinning him to the couch. Dream's breath caught in his throat, green eyes quickly moving up to meet molten midnight eyes that were swimming in desire that only seemed to make the smirk on Sapnap's face even more condescending. "Oh Dream." He said slowly, softly as he rested his knees on either side of Dream's thighs, still sitting on his legs but using his weight and position to hold the blond who hadn't so much as breathed since the quick motion. "That's something we should be saying to you tonight." The words wafted into his ear,

alluring and potent, desire swimming in his veins once again, the sparks slowly turning into fire, all too slowly but still too fast.

“Sapnap?” He said, the confidence shrinking out and making way for confusion, something that felt so forced even as he knew, *he knew*, what the other meant. He knew from the dark eyes that spoke volumes even as a second pair of hands started to thread through both his and Sapnap’s hair gently, the motion like petting and it was satisfying, so satisfying it made him feel guilty, to watch Sapnap lean into the touch as he sat stiff. “What do you mean.” The words didn’t need to be asked, black eyes glimmering in amusement as George laughed, absolutely incredulous, to his left, the hand running through gently again and this time he leaned in every so slightly as Sapnap leaning in closer until his face, his best friends face, was close enough to practically kiss him. *I want to, fuck please kiss me.*

“Dream.” Sapnap said softly, so softly he almost would mistake it for kindness but the devious grin and hungry eyes were assurance enough that it was in desire, cautious but potent. He was close enough now that Dream could smell caramel and vanilla on the other, sickeningly sweet and smokey and fierce enough to make Dream whimper, shivering at the hum Sapnap made deep in his chest. “Don’t you think you are being too oblivious now?” He really was, but fuck he wanted to hear it, needed to hear it. Needed to know they wanted him, that this wasn’t some dumb elaborate joke. Even now his brain was more willing to hear an implicit no than implicit yes.

“Am I? Or are you guys messing around with me?” He said, hardly daring to breathe in as the words, accusatory and scared, hung in the air. Sapnap laughed in his face, lips so close Dream dared to lean forward. In that moment hard and mean hands, hands he knew would be merciless and imagined gripping him so tight he cried, held onto his hair, pulling harshly enough his head hit the back of the couch and tipped his neck back. He was so vulnerable, feeling bare in front of the two who had strung him so taught so easily, they hadn’t even touched him but another sound, loud and unabashed now, fell from his lips as George joined in the mocking laughter.

“Us? Messing with you?” Sapnap dared to ask, Dream no longer seeing dark black eyes but feeling a warm breath fan across his neck as the younger boy’s weight settled more on his chest, pressed together and fully pinned. *I’m so vulnerable.* “If anything, you have been messing with us Dreamie.” His head spun, surely they didn’t know. He knew they knew, that George picking his story wasn’t an accident or some coincident, but even letting his thoughts trail there made his heart flutter painfully, the sparks shifting across his skins like fire, truly burning him alive in shame filled arousal.

“What do you mean?” Now he was quiet, afraid. Scared and turned on. He bit back a moan as teeth scraped along his neck, the pressure light and teasing, but surely a warning that their patience for his ignorance, feigned or not, was reaching its limit.

“You know exactly what we mean. You fucking wrote about us, didn’t you Dream?”

His heart was hammering in his chest, frantic and scared, muscles tensing as he wanted to back away, but he already had his back to the couch he was pinned to. Green eyes filled with nervous energy and shame, at being caught that is, met smug and predatory black eyes that only got closer and closer, until Sapnap's breath ghosted over his face, hovering over his lips that were pressed tightly together while his chest heaved under the weight of the younger boy who was leaning on him. "I—" He tried to stumble to an answer, looking for words, looking for a defense that would be fragile and thin as the veil he held over his own emotions that shone in his eyes.

Sure enough they were shattered as the gentle hand in his hair pulled hard, breath catching in his throat hard enough for a strangled sound to rip out. "Are you going to lie to us Dream, and say you didn't write these?" George asked, voice low and curious in a way that made his skin break out in goosebumps. Brown eyes stared at him with surprise and reverence, admiring the sight before him. "That you didn't write these stories about all of us? That I just so happened to see that comment on your email on your story telling you how amazing you were?" God Dream wanted to run away, but not as much as he wanted to let this happen. There was something terrifyingly erotic about the situation, anxiety filling his stomach but only fueling the fire in his blood that coursed through so loud he could barely hear their voices over his own heartbeat. He wanted to turn his head to look at the older boy, confirm the slight hint of warmth and amusement that he heard in George's voice underneath the cold condescension that filled his voice, but George's hand in his hair was firm and painfully tight, letting him have no slack to turn and being forced to stare at Sapnap who smirked at him with hunger at the edges making him feel like prey. This time the sound that fell from his lips was more subdued, almost shameful if he had any left that didn't seem to be pitted in the arousal in his stomach. "That's what I thought." George practically spat out, Dream's eyes closing to avoid the look that was burning him alive.

"You are so stupid Dream." Sapnap jumped back in, leaving no time for Dream to recover his thoughts, the hands on the blond's hips squeezing hard until he could feel the taller boy trying to squirm beneath him, glad to find he was pinned down except for pretty hands reached for his thighs to push him off and away. A quick glance back to Dream's face revealed eyes that were squeezed shut, cheeks a deep red and scrunched up, shoulders and arms still moving to meekly push him off, as if he was still trying to decide if that was what he wanted or not. Sapnap could feel the look George was giving him, not an instruction as much as a request for him to fix the situation. *This is your 'fun', so fix it.* He seemed to say as Dream's breathing grew heavier, more erratic while the color spread down to his neck, still unwilling to open his eyes or even fight the hand in his hair. *What does he want me to do here?* He thought pensively for only a moment, nibbling the inside of his mouth before humming gently, the ruble traveling through his chest and into Dream's who he was flush against. His tanned hands started to travel up the blond's sides, their motions light and more reassuring than teasing, wanting to calm the boy who seemed truly torn between letting them proceed and running away from the embarrassing situation. Sapnap wouldn't make the decision for him, even as he felt Dream's bulge starting to grow beneath him. "Do you want us to stop?" He asked gently, the hands on his waist stilling, holding him in place on top of Dream. "If you push me off, if you ask, we'll stop. I cant say we'll forget you write about us all *fucking* , I'll tease you for it, but we wont push you." The words were gentle, even if the look in his eyes were still demanding. It was entirely plausible they were off the mark, that Dream wasn't interested. It was unlikely, considering how they had heard him getting off to them, or the fact he had written so many things so intimately, but with the reactions, weak and halfhearted, it was still important to check they weren't going to force the blond into anything.

Finally green eyes stared into his, Sapnap's expression softening as the hand in Dream's hair also relaxed, simply a presence as the blond shook underneath him, still breathing hard. Something in bright green eyes darkened, as if some metaphorical string of control had snapped and the shaking limbs slowly stilled, tense but not trembling. Pink lips finally pursed instead of being pressed together, taking advantage of the hand in his hair finally letting him have some mobility and Dream used it. He pushed up, bringing his lips to meet Sapnap's heatedly, giving into temptations that had been plaguing him for longer than he could remember, somewhere where friendship bordered genuine attraction and desire, when the jokes became less playful and more teasing. It wasn't beautiful, but it felt right. Their teeth met for half a second before Sapnap smirked, pressing Dream back again without disconnecting their lips, ignoring the nibbles on his bottom lip that tried to get him to deepen the kiss, simply letting the blond work himself up against a brick wall, gingerly grinding his hips down in tiny motions. Finally when they pulled apart Dream hissed in frustration against mirthful and bitten lips, meeting playful dark eyes that were clearly still waiting for an answer. "I don't want you to stop, so just hurry up and touch me already."

Black eyes gleamed at him, a harder roll of the younger boy's hips against him making his breath catch in surprise before a harsh hand that he wasn't sure ever left tangled back in his hair hard. "You don't get to make demands after what you did, you know that don't you Dream?" George asked, eyes so dark they were practically black as he watched the blond squirm from the sudden pain.

"Why not?" He asked, voice gruff while Sapnap snickered above him, using his position to bring their lips together, firmly pressing together with each roll of his hips, drinking in the soft whimpers and grunts that he made while George squeezed in closer. Sapnap practically purred into the kiss as George's other hand pet against his hair softly, praise that he craved and needed melting through his form, encouraging him enough to deepen the kiss. He was prepared for the older boy to try and press the kiss in some form of dominance, a wet tongue pressing in eagerly and trying to force itself where he wanted without a moment of hesitation. Sapnap made an amused sound deep in his throat, his hands coming up to cup Dream's face, easily tipping his head back further, making the angle harder for Dream to do what he wanted. He did laugh at the whimper Dream made, frustrated and needy. *He's so bratty, he gives me a run for my money.* The raven thought and pulled away, watching smugly as proud features twisted enough for pretty freckles to dance across his face, looking at him in annoyance. "Sap, stop teasing."

At this his grip on the blond's jawline turned hard, pressing into sensitive points underneath his jaw cruelly, the reaction instant as Dream jumped and a sharp cry fell from his throat. He tried to squirm away, harsh but steady pants falling from his lips as the whine slowly became less indignant, green eyes tearing up between the painful pressure and hair being pulled taught, completely still as the struggling only made it worse. Still, green eyes flared with fight as they met dark black eyes that were assessing him fondly, as if he were some small animal rather than a friend. "Did you not hear George?" Sapnap asked, almost curious if not for the fact he knew the answer. Dream's eyes flashed defiantly, making the raven tut and move his index fingers to the crook of the jaw where it met Dream's neck, resting the fingertips there threateningly as he kept his middle fingers in place from before. After another 3 seconds of silence, and George's hands in his hair tugging slightly, silent instruction, he pressed those fingers in too, not as hard but enough to

hurt. Dream shouted, legs thrashing and almost throwing Sapnap off as his cock twitch in his pants, hands digging in hard on Sapnap's thighs briefly as he scrambled for some sort of purchase, some solidity to ground him through the mixture of pain and pleasure and arousal that swam through him in waves, each one more potent than the last. "He said you don't get to make demands."

"Why." He croaked, shaking and whimpering louder as the fingertips on his jaw pressed harder, eyes closing as sparks burst behind his eyes, fingers twitching as the sensations grew hotter and harder to control, his voice not a constant whine and breathing hard.

"You are a bigger brat than Sapnap, even he takes pain as encouragement to stop for a moment." George chastised in his ear, head brushing past Sapnap's fingers for lips to wrap around his earlobe. Dream relaxed for half a moment at the soft action, missing the smirk Sapnap and George had shared due to his eyes being closed. He was unprepared and screamed softly as teeth bit into his ear hard, eyes watering and face growing red in pain that went straight into his cock, squirming uselessly under the boy who, while younger and shorter, was bulkier than him and held him easily in place as the teeth worried their way until he hiccuped before finally pulling away. Sapnap shivered, easing up on his grip and letting the blond's face fall as he shivered at the blooming pain under his jaw that ebbed away slowly. "Want to ask me why again, or will you be patient and let me explain?" He asked shortly, heat from his words fanning over a sensitive and wet earlobe, eliciting another tremble from the younger boy. Still after a large moment of silence Sapnap hummed approvingly, pulling Dream into another kiss, harder than before, pulling at his bottom lip delicately with his teeth, the action slow enough to draw out a soft moan, just as impatient even if the volume wasn't as loud as before.

"Go ahead and tell him George, you're better at talking than I am." Sapnap said gruffly, letting the older boy's lip go long enough to speak, rubbing his thumbs across flushed and splotchy cheeks, smirking at the shiver he got when his fingertips danced along the boy's jaw, still sensitive. "You better listen Dream, George doesn't like being ignored." He warned before swooping back in, recapturing bitten lips and nibbling the sensitive skin hard enough to draw out moans as George's hand let go of his hair, rubbing the tender skin gingerly as his lips pressed against his neck.

"You don't get to make demands, Dream, because we already have a good idea of what you want." George mumbled, voice soft and gentle as he spoke. Dream felt like he could get lost in the tender sound if not for the sharp bite Sapnap gave to his lip before pushing his tongue in for the first time despite all the rough kisses, demanding attention he should be giving to George. *I can barely breathe let alone think.* Dream shivered as the younger boy's tongue slid across his own, leaning back into the kiss until sharp teeth bit at his neck, grip hard and painful but a harsh reminder bringing Dream's attention back to the brunet who was still speaking while he had been distracted. "Your little stories, the ones you wrote about your *friends*, give me a really good idea where to start with." He groaned, cock twitching as harsh teeth nipped at his lips again, the action slowly becoming more painful with each motion, but the pain always seemed to fade into pleasure that would make his toes curl, and each action made colors swirl behind his closed eyelids, stuck between desires and please he wanted to make but had no space to, and the desire to sink into the painful pleasure they offered. "Like you being a dirty little masochist."

George's sentence cut through the brain fog with a harsh tone followed up by fingers tangling into a different section of his hair, pulling hard and lurching his head back, away from Sapnap as he yelped in surprise, hips thrusting up and grinding against Sapnap who shivered pleasurably. "Or we can start with the fact you wrote about edging me, not letting me cum while teasing me." George and Sapnap scoffed and laughed respectively at that, the latter settling for nibbling at his neck as the shorter boy shifted to look down at Dream, smirking at what he found there. Cool green eyes were firmly shut, pink lips bruised to hell already as a healthy flush spread across freckled cheeks. *I want to make him cry tonight.* George thought, the hand he had in Dream's hair relaxing slightly, letting his fingertips rub across the sore scalp reassuringly, only briefly wondering if he was being too rough if not for the pout that nearly instantly formed. *What a brat.* "How about we do that to you tonight?" He asked, glancing at Sapnap who blinked at him in acquiescence, something George usually enjoyed if not for the hint of disappointment that lingered in black eyes. The reaction he got from Dream was less than lukewarm, the color spreading up his eyes and a soft whimper that sounded less than enthused. *Another time, perhaps.* A smug grin presented on his lips, nipping sensitive skin chastely until he was back to the younger's earlobe. "How about the other way?" There was a flicker of interest in dark eyes that watched him, the youngest pulling away to roll his hips slowly, the younger two moaning. "How about we make you cum so many times you forget anything but our names?" Sapnap shuddered, knowing the implications that meant for him as well, midnight eyes staring at the shorter boy and whining softly, rolling his hips again as Dream shuddered beautifully.

"I want that." He said quickly, daring to open stoney grey-green eyes to stare into heated black and brown eyes, blushing at how hungry their expressions were. Dream shuddered as George's expression darkened, smile turning more mean now that he had the blond's attention while Sapnap rolled his hips again and the warm hands that were under his chin fell away, seeming to race their way to the hem of his shirt.

"Be patient Sapnap." George said quickly, not sparing a look to the raven who's hands stopped in their motions to pull Dream's shirt up, now dancing along the hem of the clothing and teasing the stretch of skin below, the skin twitching in response. "Dream, dear." *Oh.* Dream blinked as he shivered. *I like that. Oh fuck I really like that.* George smirked, catching the reaction but continuing. "I recall telling you that you don't make demands or requests tonight?" The blond blinked blankly, meeting mean brown eyes and feeling the hand in his hair twitch, eager to punish him. "It's your first time with me, I'll be nice and let you have some leeway~" He trailed off, fingertips rubbing at his head gently before pulling away as he spoke, one lightly tapping on his cheek with only a touch of weight behind it, a warning and promise while brown eyes sought approval. "But only so much, otherwise I'm not being fair to Sapnap who is being on his best behavior right now." He got a nod from Dream who leaned into the hand, silently agreeing to the implied action and shivering when those hands pulled away from him.

Sapnap hummed as George reached for him, hands unusually gentle as they cupped his cheeks and pulled him into a kiss, surprised when George gingerly nipped at his lips, letting Sapnap take the lead. For as good as he had been being for the older boy, he couldn't help but smirk at the reward, hands firmly pressing down on Dream's abdomen, pushing ever so slightly down to brace himself higher and kissing the brunet carefully, nipping his lips lightly while sliding his tongue in, each

action hard enough to make George want more but not quite enough.

“Ow!” Sappnap yelled, pulling away when one hand pinched at his wrist hard, the pain sudden, sharp but small, meeting frustrated brown eyes that were clearly unamused. “Georgie, w-” He cut off when vicious hands tangled in his hair, pulling him back into another kiss where George bit at his lips savagely, dragging the tender flesh between his teeth until Sappnap was letting out loud whines, the hands on Dream twitching and flexing, trying to not dig in painfully. Sappnap shivered as George forced his tongue in, tipping Sappnap’s head back by pulling his hair, wincing in pain and the hand relaxing instantly. *I love him.* The raven thought as George stroked his hair softly, while still pressing his tongue in, dragging it along his and trying to cram it down his throat, nearly smothering him as he was being pulled further and further backwards until he was practically bow shaped, now relying on the older man to keep him right as he was kissed nearly senseless. Finally, sadly almost, the older boy pulled away, licking his lips as a trail of spit ran between them.

“When I let you kiss me, you better be happy with it instead of trying to tease me like a brat.” George hissed, placing a final nip on tender lips before pulling away to stare at the blond who was watching them with wide green eyes, flushed and whining needily, but not making a demand. *He can be good, it seems.*

“Let’s move somewhere more comfortable.” Sappnap suggested, voice a hair raspier than before and dark eyes boring into green eyes, the look domineering despite the boy himself submitting so quickly to the brunet. The duality made Dream’s imagination run wild, gently dragging his own teeth over his lips as the raven haired boy shifted, disentangling himself from Dream’s lap and from George so the other pair could stand up. “I would rather not fuck your brains out on a couch.”

Dream shivered at the promise, still having enough space to still be mystified at the fact it really was Sappnap’s voice, not some imagination or fantasy, of being fucked hard by any of them, let alone both of them. He was in a mild state of disbelief, wondering if he had fallen asleep before any of this happened and this was some dream he was having. If it was, he didn’t want to wake up and he was going to take this as far as he could. A smug grin, collected and toothy with mischief, crossed his face, freckles seeming to move mockingly as his grey-green eyes met Sappnap’s. “Who said you were fucking me?” He taunted, the tanned boy fully standing and it felt like he loomed over Dream, dark eyes glimmering in amusement at the display.

George was the one who moved next, standing up slowly and deliberately, blinking down at the now free to move blond boy, eyes skimming over the bulge in the front of his jeans and only letting the corners of his lips tip up just enough to feel mocking. “Oh Dreamie, you might be able allowed to fuck Sappnap some day, if you can manage to be good long enough.” *God* the tone he used, how dismissive he sounded made Dream shudder in apprehension that was hardly enough to make him pause. “Get up, or we’ll leave you here while I fuck Sappnap’s brain out.” Dark eyes gleamed, testing both Dream’s limit to bratting as well as confirming his consent, gently sliding his hand into Sappnap’s, the familiar warmth reassuring to the dominating boy who, understandable, had some reservations about this that had mostly melted away with the reactions they had gotten over the course of their plan. Still, the weight and gentle squeeze Sappnap gave back as he started to

slowly make his way down the hallway. Sure enough, to both their delight, they heard the hurried sounds of a couch creaking with soft footsteps following after, hurried and close behind.

Chapter End Notes

I know I said to chapters, but seriously look at how long this is and all these ~~hoes~~ bros still have all their clothes on. Hate to tease you guys but they are actually gonna do it in the next chapter- or I'm going to riot. (And I'm the one writing this.)

Hope you guys enjoyed this even if nothing too big happen. Thanks for the support <3

'Treats'

Chapter Summary

Dream can only get so far being a brat, but he learns that his behavior doesn't just affect him.

Chapter Notes

I have concerned many friends in my frantic mad dash to write this... so the next chapter will not be till next week. I know, edging in written form. Here's a bone, or candy for Halloween. Enjoy. <3

Also, credit to my friend JSparks(check them out omg her writing is so fucking good) for helping me with the dialogue in this. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The moment the door closed Sappnap was back on the taller boy, one hand firmly gripping Dream's chin to pull him into a fierce kiss that, surprisingly, the blond melted into while Sappnap was working hard to shove loose jeans off of the older boy, feeling dark brown eyes boring into the back of his head in anticipation for the show. "Help me strip Dream." He muttered in frustration, finally feeling the blond move his hands to shove down his own jeans and then Sappnap's, shivering at the brush of warm hands across his thighs. "Good boy, first time you've listened all night." He said tauntingly, a hair too much as the blond dug his fingers into Sappnap's tanned legs, squeezing hard until the younger boy yelped, biting lips harshly instead of continuing their brief compliance.

"Fuck you." Dream hissed, indignant and green eyes flashing in both warning and a challenge that Sappnap had no intention of losing. The smug and self assured smirk that had Dream on the backfoot all night returned, making his shiver in anticipation, offering a toothy smirk in response.

"And here I was praising you, I was going to be nice..." Sappnap's fingers dug viciously into the older boy's chin and jawline, the area still sore from before and getting the other to whimper and squirm immediately. "But you want me to be mean, don't you?" The gleaming in Dream's eyes gained a guilty edge that had Sappnap smiling ear to ear, the expression almost mean if not for how impressed he seemed by the blond still maintaining some pretense of shame or shyness. "You like it when I hurt you? Is that it? You a little pain Slut, Dream?" He cooed, fingers digging in until the blond was breathing hard, eyes shutting and swimming in the painful pressure, a low keen falling from his lips but still nowhere near a satisfying enough answer. "I asked a question, you better answer it." Sappnap's voice was dangerously low, his free hand gently guiding the blond down onto the corner of the bed, forcing Dream into a lower position sitting on the mattress as he loomed over, grip hard and unyielding. Dream started to shake, lips parting and soft whimpers falling out even as green eyes held notes of defiance that drove Sappnap up a metaphorical wall.

George took the time to run his fingertips over Sapnap's hands, the touch gentle and caring, jerking Sapnap's attention away to meet playful brown eyes staring at him mirthfully. Moments later he found himself being guided into a gentle kiss, George taking the lead and much like before pressing into Sapnap's mouth forcefully, but painfully slow. The small actions, like gentle strokes along his tongue until George was nearly in his throat, lips slowly moving against him in tender waves, the constant and nearly inaudible hum all had Sapnap pulling his painful grip on the blond back until he couldn't help but stroke soft swipes across the heated skin as George seemed to try and smother him with slow affection. When Sapnap was sure he only had a single brain cell left, George pulled away with a wet sound, thumbing the thin trail of spit away with a single digit while smirking at the flushed raven haired boy, chocolate colored eyes molten but hinting. "Get the picture?" He murmured softly against his lips quietly enough to evade the blond's hearing.

Picture? Sapnap offered the brunet a curious gaze and received a teasing smirk and soft sigh in response, seemingly saying *figure it out* to him. Sapnap blinked a few times, forcing the haze out of his eyes and still being stuck on brown eyes when Dream whined, impatiently, to his right, quickly dragging his gaze back. The blond was staring at him with open need, grey-green eyes dark near the iris giving him a heated look, plump lips already expressed in a pout while freckled pink cheeks were a darker color than before, limbs trembling every so slightly as he breathed in shakily, every motion and display needy and impatient.

Suddenly it made sense, Sapnap throwing a sly smirk to George who hummed in satisfaction, pressing another kiss, chaste this time, to the raven's temple as he stepped away, rummaging through their luggage as Sapnap returned his attention to Dream. "Do you still wanna not answer me?" Sapnap asked, voice low enough to make Dream's breath hitch slightly while dark nearly bottomless black eyes dragged over his form, only a hint of appreciation competing with raw hunger as he dragged large hands to play with the waistband of Dream's boxers. *What is the game here?* As usual Dream had made things into a competition, exhaling breathily as his lips tucked up in the corners to reveal pearly canine teeth and bratty intentions in cool green eyes. Still, the room remained silent as Sapnap snickered, letting his fingertips skim along the elastic of the waistband and dancing over smooth skin, drinking in the shudder Dream made from the feather light action before finally dipping under and slowly tugging them off, the blond lifting his hips and staring up into mirthful black eyes that were filled with so much confidence it made him wonder if he was playing into their hands... not that he would mind too much.

"George." Sapnap glanced away to look at the brunet who was getting ready to climb onto the bed behind the blond, giving him a sly grin that was barely within bounds of not being punished. "Will you take his shirt off for me please?" Brown eyes twinkled with delight behind Dream who was growing impatient as his black boxers were all too slowly pulled off, the material bunching at his thighs for a moment too long while Sapnap's fingertips danced over the skin until Dream was shivering before pulling them off completely.

"I can do that." George answered all too dismissive sounding but close enough that Dream dared to turn around, meeting brown eyes that immediately shifted from playful to displeased as the oldest boy shuffled into place behind Dream, bare except for light blue boxers that clung to pale hips.

Plump lips pressed together thinly, George reaching to grab a fistfull of dirty blond hair hard enough to make Dream hiss while turning his head back forward while sitting behind the blond until his chest was flush to Dream's back. The contact lasted for only a moment before George let go of Dream's hair, a finally short tug an encouragement to not move as he, without any of the teasing patience Sapnap had, pulled up at the hem of Dream's shirt until it reached the crux of the younger boy's arms. "Lift your hands up, idiot." George hissed impatiently into his ear, digging a finger into the soft skin where he was holding the shirt, chuckling softly as Dream shivered in his lap and lifted his hands enough for George to rip the last article of clothing off, flinging it somewhere in the room beyond Dream's vision.

"Thank you Georgie." Sapnap said kindly, black eyes looking past Dream's shoulder to meet warm and proud brown eyes as George perched his head on Dream, their bodies flush together.

"Anything for my pretty boy." George cooed fondly, mean hands surprisingly soft as he took the time to let them drag across Dream's ribs and abdomen while Sapnap fell to his knees between Dream's legs, close enough for the warm breath to run over the erection the blond had.

Sapnap made a soft noise of pleasure, tearing his eyes away to stare into heated and impatient green eyes that brought a smirk to his lips, pulling back slightly and watching Dream's cock twitch in impatience. *What a brat.* George cupped the youngest boy's face, running a thumb over soft tan skin that was warm beneath his fingers, encouragement and approval that he needed, nuzzling the hand in appreciation before it pulled away to rest on Dream's midsection, not holding but presence firm. "Dream." He said, voice sharper than before when he had been speaking to George, the tone catching the slightly older boy's attention enough for him to swallow harshly, a soft hum of amusement coming from George's chest as he caught the nervous action. "You are not allowed to move, or we'll be here longer. Got it?"

His expression furrowed in confusion, opening his mouth to ask when George started nibbling as his neck, an immediate distraction as Sapnap licked the head of his cock in the same moment. A soft moan came out his mouth, filling the air around them as he flushed a deep red color at the sound, George's teeth turning a touch harder on the next nip to his skin. "Fuck." He mumbled when Sapnap wrapped his tongue around his head, eagerly licking up any pre-cum that had leaked out while staring up at the flushed blonde, admiring the freckles that stood out and seemed to dance with every small twitch in his expression, feeling playful in a way that screamed Dream.

Damn.

"George." He breathed out as the shorter boy's hands started to splay across his stomach, pressing down enough to make Dream squirm at the pressure, not uncomfortable but firm and hard to ignore as Sapnap started to take him deep into his mouth, tongue still gently working around him. Dream's breath caught in his throat, desperate to come out but being choked down in stubbornness as Sapnap's tongue slide up a vein that pulsed in need, his hips shifting up slightly until George's grip moved to his waist, gripping hard and pulling him back, away from Sapnap's mouth who completely left with a whine of frustration that was a perfect mix of submissive and disappointed. The noise brought Dream's attention back down to heated and annoyed black eyes and pursed lips

shiny with spit and pre-cum already, Dream's cock giving another interested twitch. "Why'd you stop." He asked, voice raspy as if he had been the one with a cock in his mouth.

He did make a sharp yelp as George nipped his shoulder hard, pressing the skin between his teeth meanly and almost grinding it before letting go with an lick that would have been apologetic if not for it dipping into the indents with a mean pressure meant to make him squirm uselessly under firm hands on both his thighs and waist. "You are not allowed to move, that's why." George answered in his ear, teeth dragging across the shell of his ear. "Go ahead, try again Sapnap." There was no room for fighting or disobedience in the request, more like a command, as Sapnap's cheek's turned a soft pink before leaning back in. There was no hesitation in lips that were pressed together, opening just enough to force Dream's cock between. The blond gasped, eyes fluttering and cheeks turning a deeper shade at the pressure around his cock from the simple action, hands digging into the cloth around George's thighs as he fisted them hard to prevent himself from moving when the youngest boy's tongue flicked at his slit again. Soft lips pressed to the hollow of his throat, brown hair slightly obscuring his view while staring into pleased black eyes. *Jesus Christ.*

"Dream." George mumbled, breath warm as it fanned over the warm spot on Dream's neck where he had licked a neat strip near his collarbone. "You're being so cute." Fuck if the words didn't go straight to his cock, twitching inside the raven haired boy's mouth as he once again let his tongue run of the vein until it hit his head, the wet muscle swiping over the slit before he finally started moving his mouth further down, Dream's eyes shutting in pleasure.

Sapnap hummed around the older boy, watching the muscles in his thighs twitch in restraint, barely holding back a smirk at the lack of control he had. *I wasn't much better before George.* He thought to himself, flicking away from flushed freckled cheeks to meet brown eyes that seemed so much darker when framed by porcelain skin staring at him expectantly. At this his lips did twist up into a smug look, knowing George was growing impatient with his teasing even if he was allowed to. Still, he decided to move on, knowing that while they had all night to play with the blond between them, he was eager to move on. Sapnap moved forward carefully, tongue laying flat along the bottom of his mouth and taking Dream in until the tip just rested at the back of his throat, testing the area for a moment and breathing while keeping his eyes on pleased brown eyes. *He's so proud of me.* The thought filled Sapnap with warmth, exhaling slowly. *I can hold this.* He blinked slowly at George who made a soft noise that Sapnap could feel in the air, cheeks turning red and his own cock twitching in his boxers.

Dream let out another low moan, loosening up as his tip pressed against the back of Sapnap's throat, fingers relaxing around the fabric before digging back in hard enough to leave the skin on his knuckles white. He inhaled shakily, tipping his head back to rest on George's shoulder behind him, the older boy laughing at the action and nibbling the new skin eagerly while his hands relaxed slightly around the younger boy's waist. The moment stretched on as tanned freckled skin twitched in need, desperately wanting to roll his hips up into the warm mouth around him and let his fingertips dig into pale skin that basically held him in place, each breath a strain and test to his control while teeth worried their way around his neck, the pain so soft it felt more like teasing, nothing enough to leave marks but enough to drive him crazy to want more. Finally George chuckled against his neck, pulling away to run his nose along Dream's ear, the lack of extra

stimulation finally bringing his attention to the fact Sappnap hadn't moved since the moment his head reached the back of the younger boy's throat. At this he let out a weak whine, not afraid of sounding whiny if he could get more. "Why'd you stop now?" He asked, no longer raspy but voice still low. "I didn't move."

Sappnap's lips curled up weakly around his cock but he didn't move, instead blinking languidly while shifting his gaze between molten brown and needy green eyes. Dream could feel George smirking behind his ear, teeth gently grazing the skin of his ear, the action more teasing than before and Dream hissed, letting go of the sheets to rest on top of pale thighs that corralled him in. "You're doing so well Sap." George praised, ignoring Dream's question and instead giggling when the younger had the audacity to moan faintly around the blond's cock, feeling the skin underneath his hands writhe and the boy breath out harshly from the action.

"Don't ignore me." Dream whined, squirming only a slight bit before George's hands readjusted to hold his hips in place before he could so much as thrust up, need overtaking his body as his cock just sat in Sappnap's mouth, warm and wet and so good. *More.* "Guys."

"You like having his cock in your mouth?" George cooed affectionately, resting his head on the twitching and needy boy's shoulder, the air of dismissiveness so potent and immovable, as if Dream wasn't even there. "Does it feel good?"

Dream wanted to scream. Sappnap's mouth felt so good, he wanted to fuck the younger's boys pretty mouth until tears ran down from mirthful black eyes and he came down his throat, wanted to make him swallow it. He wanted George to do something other than leave tiny bite marks on his skin that would fade away before the hour was up, wanted to feel hands he knew could be mean press in until he was in tears, he wanted them to fuck him and make him see stars and make him scream until he could barely speak. Instead he got to just be teased with a warm mouth, pretty eyes staring at him and hands holding him down while they ignored him. He whined pitifully, biting his lip and trying to wriggle again, just his shoulders this time, but George adjusted so easily, simply flexing the muscles in his arms that were lining his chest and keeping him perfectly still as George continued to speak to Sappnap, the vibrations from speaking rubbing through him in a way that made the heat in his stomach start to burn like a fire. *Its like I don't even matter.* His cock twitched in interest, eyes shutting to prevent the younger who had yet to stop looking at him like he was prey from seeing the arousal that swam through him at the thought. *I want more, why are they teasing me like this?*

Sappnap made another soft hum around him, tongue twitching slightly but not moving. Still, Dream gasped, eyes opening and lifting back up to stare into black eyes that seemed slightly more glassy now. "You look so good with Dream's cock in your mouth." George added, tipping his head slightly to rest against Dream's neck, smirking at the shudder he got, the action nearly constant as Dream's desperation grew. "You look like a good cock slut." *George.* Black eyes blinked lazily, the younger shifting slightly to relax his position a bit, straightening his back and letting his hands rest lazily on defined thighs, eyes glazing over just a touch more as his cheeks turned warm. "You stay just like that Sappnap, you're being so good."

“George, Sapnap.” Dream whined again, wanting to get an answer, more, a punishment, anything. Finally lips pressed back to his skin, just under his ear and soft enough to make him shiver.

“Shut up Dream.” George mumbled into his ear, nipping at the skin on his ear teasingly before the hands on his skin pressed down lightly, making the younger boy whimper and try to move but not able to. “Be good, stay still and let Sapnap enjoy his reward.” Dream groaned softly, tipping his head back onto George’s shoulder. “He’s been so good all week, not getting off one time, and he loves being a perfect little cockslut, to be a cockwarmer.” Dream’s heart stuttered in his chest, the whine growing in him before George bit into his neck. “If you wait 5 more minutes I’ll let you fuck his throat.” Dream blushed, already feeling the hungry black eyes staring into him at the same time a soft whine ran over his cock. *I’m fucked.* He nodded gingerly, looking up to his ceiling as George mouthed at his neck again, still being soft and gentle when he wanted it to hurt. “Good boy.”

“Fuck you.” he hissed defiantly as teeth simply ran over his neck in amusement, not feeding into the provocation and continuing their teasingly light nibbles.

“6 minutes now.” Came the soft words in his ear before teeth ran back down his neck where soft lips and bites lit his skin up like brands, each touch searingly hot but nowhere near enough to matter. Dream made a disgruntled noise in the back of his throat, lifting his head back up to try and gain some sense of autonomy when George bit at his neck harder, not enough but more than before. “Do you want it to be 8?” George asked in minor annoyance, leaving another scorching hot bite, Dream digging his fingertips into pale thighs hard and relishing the sharp inhale the older boy made, teeth digging in harder briefly before pulling away. “You are such a fucking brat.” George spat, throwing his gaze back down to Sapnap, the heat in his stomach dampening seeing that the younger boy, while still watching, seemed to already be fading out as his eyes were glassy and his breathing was even.

“You like that don’t you George.” Dream bit back, twisting his head and taking advantage of George’s distraction to look at a pale face that was still gazing fondly at Sapnap who made a soft noise at the attention. Dream smirked at the sound, rolling his hips slightly and shouting when George tipped his own head down enough to bite at his collarbone hard, the tingles spreading to his fingertips that he dug into George’s thighs. “You like that I’m brat, cause you can be mean to me, don’t you.” Sapnap’s eyes glimmered fondly, unable to help the corners of his mouth tipping into a smirk that made even George sigh. *Brats. I’ll be sure to get Sapnap back later, but for now...* He pulled his teeth from Dream’s skin, licking hard over it and holding the taller boy’s body firmly to prevent the shudder he could already feel building, *Dream needs to be punished first.*

“You still comfortable Sap?” George asked, briefly ignoring the heated words from Dream who already made a soft sound of annoyance from being ignored. “Tap Dream’s thighs twice if you are, once if you want to stop for a moment.” Sure enough, even if it took a moment longer than George expected, the fingers that were resting lightly on tanned freckled legs tapped twice, the youngest

boy's eyes blinking languidly as the smirk stayed on his face. "Such a good boy aren't you Sapnap?" George always felt a rush of pride when Sapnap assured him he was fine and could do what he asked, but there was something so innately intimate and warm about the response he got from the raven haired boy after praising him. His pupils seemed to dilate ever so slightly as black eyes darkened and widened, the way he would exhale was soft and calm while his fingers would tense a fraction before splaying back out contently, a soft dusting of pink would find their way onto tan cheeks as the words would settle into his skin and bones. *He's so precious.* George thought, tightening one hand on Dream's hips and reaching out with the other to gingerly cup the youngest's cheek, thump rubbing across and feeling the blond's cock in his mouth, Sapnap shuddering at the affection. "So perfect just for me." He murmured affectionately, feeling and hearing the agreeable moan Sapnap made, pulling away slowly after a gentle stroke through raven hair that had Sapnap leaning into it.

Dream was shaking, wanting the same affection and more. He wanted George to tear him apart like he had been doing to Sapnap all week only for those same hands to piece him back together. He *wanted* so much. "George..." He tried using a softer voice, less whiny and more persistent as the brunet lifted his hands away from Dream's waist, testing his control as they dragged up his sides.

"I think I'm getting tired of hearing your mouth Dream." The words were innocuous enough, as if they were recording a video, except the tone they were delivered in was low and annoyed, filled with filthy and unfriendly promises that gave Dream the impression he was about to be punished, but not in a way he wanted. "Don't you think so Sapnap?" Dream went to look into black eyes, wanting to silently plead with the other. Hands moved very quickly, one moving to brace across his chest and squeezing his bicep with the other reached for his throat, not squeezing but very quickly applying pressure below his jaw to tip his head back to stare at the ceiling with dazed eyes, cock twitching at the manhandling. *I'm so fucked.*

There was a hum around his cock, the noise amused but distant as blood roared in Dream's ear, coated with arousal and desire as he could hear just how hitched his breathing got from the action, just short of erratic but still short and noisy, turning into a soft whine when the fingertips dug in harder in the same spots Sapnap had been holding him by earlier. Sure enough, two taps on his thighs happened. *Oh no.* A silent yes from the boy who, despite having Dream's cock down his throat, had been helping call all the shots earlier and was more than happy to have Dream get the 'punishment' he had been practically begging for earlier. *Guess he'll learn now George doesn't do 'finishments', but actual punishments.* Sapnap thought lazily as he gently worked his jaw down more, feeling the mixture of pre-cum and spit drip out the corner of his mouth and down his chin, not bothered by the feeling as he kept dazed eyes on the pair, knowing George's dark brown eyes were on him to make sure he was watching, that George wanted him to watch. The thought made him shiver minutely, blinking slowly but not averting his gaze as George gave him an approving nod before returning his attention to the blond who was already gasping at the actions when George had barely even started doing anything.

Sure enough the hand that was digging under his jaw crept upward, George's fingertips dragging lightly over his jaw, a fair enough warning to what he would be doing just before they rested on Dream's lips, tapping softly. "Open your mouth Dream, don't make me force it open." He warned

in the blond's ear with a hard nip that had Dream gasping just enough for George to sneak a single finger in, the other two still tapping impatiently. Dream briefly debated pushing further but the one finger in already started wiggling his jaw open, unyielding in its pursuit. He exhaled slowly, relaxing and opening his mouth, wondering what exactly George wanted from him.

The moment he parted his lips enough long pale fingers pressed in, doing straight to the back of his throat harshly, rubbing at the back wall of his throat but avoiding the appendage that would make him gag. Dream yelped in surprise, immediately trying to pull away but the hands on his thighs grew hard and unyielding as George's arm that was wrapped around his chest kept him from actually moving. He whined hard, the sound traveling and muffled by the fingers that then rested on his tongue, pressing down and making him nearly gag, eyes watering as he tried to squirm uselessly, his cock twitching at the treatment. "You see Dream." George said, sounding too smug as he shut his eyes, unable to help but still squirm, his body wanting to pull away as George pressed down harder with both hands, Dream gagging at that and more saliva filling his mouth, working twice as hard to not let it fall into his throat to choke on. "While I enjoy you being a brat, I expect you to be good while I'm trying to be nice to my other brat who has learned when to listen and when to not."

Lips pressed tenderly to his jaw as George pulled his hand back slightly, Dream quickly swallowing the spit as George pulled them back to his teeth, lingering there for a moment. "I see I'll have to train you to behave, but that's okay." The fingers slammed back down his throat, his hands scrabbling and digging into George's thighs again as he started to gag again. "Especially if it means I get to see you like this, quiet and not able to move away." Dream's shivered, feeling himself move in Sapnap's mouth as he smirked, tongue flitting up slightly before going flat again as he moaned around George's fingers, feeling light headed. "You like that though, don't you Dream?" *Using my own words.* Dream could barely think, trying too hard to not gag or choke on the amount of spit that was building in his throat, breathing hard around the fingers and flushing at how smug George sounded, feeling the smile as lips pressed to his neck, teeth scraping down lightly. "You like being treated like nothing? Like you don't matter?" He couldn't say a word, the fingers wiggling in his mouth as he whined lowly, deep in his chest as need coursed through him viscerally. George laughed at the sound, teeth biting hard into his neck as he pulled back again for a moment, letting Dream swallow again before shoving his fingers back in, driving Dream back up the same wall. "I can do that, because you don't matter." Tears pricked his eyes as he twitched again, shame and pleasure mixing together in his body, potent and addicting when teeth bit at him again. "Why would you?"

Sapnap licked a thin strip, carefully watching as George spoke to Dream, feeling every twitch and bead of pre-cum that left the blonde as George slowly fucked his throat with his fingers, knowing before long drool would be leaking past his lips and would look just as debauched as he did. *It's almost been 5 minutes.* Sapnap thought distantly, blinking slowly but keeping still, forcing himself to be more present knowing Dream would get to fuck his throat soon.

Dream whimpered as George thrust back down his throat again, the time between pulling the mouth and forcing back down growing shorter every time, hardly able to swallow the spit and knowing sooner or later it would be going down his chin, pride along encouraging him to put that

time off as long as he could. He tried pushing his tongue against the fingers cramming down his throat only to have those fingers press down hard on his tongue and the fingers on his arm dig in painfully, making him shout again, trembling in the other's grip while he could feel Sapnap rubbing small circles into his thighs. "Why would you matter, all you do was write filthy fanfiction about fucking us." George's words curled in his body, settling in his bones as shame flooded him, wincing as the fingers pulled back out again and pressed back in mud swallow, jerking as he nearly choked but the fingers pulled out quickly and returned, sending his eyes rolling into his head. So many emotions were spinning through him, embarrassment for being found out going hand-in-hand with elation feeling their hands on him, feeling them, having them even if it's for one night. Need, strong enough to wind him as he wanted more, to feel more, to get off coupled with the tone in his ear that made him want to give in, let George and Sapnap have their way with him, his pride so strong he fought every step of the way. Somehow all of it made his position, the strange illusion of being powerless to stop the pair from doing what they wanted with him swirled the most, the impression they were actually disappointed he wrote about all of them having sex, he felt swept up in all the waves that ran through him, eyes fluttering as the fingers grounded his thoughts as they teased the back of his throat. Dream barely felt a trickle of wetness on his neck, pooling into his collarbones. *Fuck*. He thought, realizing he had gotten so wrapped up he had already started drooling, and there was little point in fighting that point anymore.

Sapnap tapped on his thigh hard, making his legs twitch for George to look down, meeting focused dark eyes that stared at him intently. George tipped his head slightly, blinking softly as he held his fingers down the blond's throat, trying to interpret the look. *Idiot*. Sapnap thought, barely holding back on rolling his eyes and bobbing his head once, pupils dilating and looking at Dream with need as the blond moaned lowly, muffled once again. Brown eyes lit up in understanding, pink dusting his cheeks as he realized he had been so wrapped up in his own fun to remember the promise he had made to the tallest. Sapnap hummed softly, pulling his hands away from Dream's thighs, bracing himself on George's knees as the oldest pulled his fingers away enough for the blond to breath heavily, swallowing harshly.

"You wanna still fuck Sapnap's throat Dream?" George asked softly, lips teasing the younger boy's ear as he made another low noise, eyes flickering open to stare up at the ceiling, a brain fog making it terribly hard to articulate, not that he could with the fingers still in his mouth. Still, the meaning came across as George chuckled in amusement, fingertips dancing on the others tongue. "You can, but there's 2 rules." George's voice pulled him in as Sapnap pulled his thoughts away by slowly bobbing his head, taking Dream to the base for the first time that night, humming gently. "You and Sapnap both need to ask permission to cum." Teeth nipped his ear as the hand on his chest fell away, shuddering at the sudden cold that brushed across the warm area. "And you both are going to cum the same amount of times tonight, I will make you wait if one of you needs to catch up." Dream's breath hitches, cock jerking in response as he hummed in acknowledgement, rolling his hips up once. "Good boy." He bit down gently on the fingers even as the words sent a wave of arousal through him, the fingers simply pushing back down his throat just as meanly. "Idiot."

Sapnap let his jaw go lax, running his tongue along the bottom of Dream's cock as it slid past his lips, the first thrusts surprisingly gentle and measured. Sapnap smirked, knowing Dream wanted to make sure he wasn't going to gag or choke on him. *Just cause your reflex sucks doesn't mean mine does*. He wanted to say, but with dark brown eyes watching him hungrily and with a demeanor of

expected obedience he settled for blinking innocently in response. He knew George didn't believe him, but wasn't going to stop the blond.

After the first few thrusts Dream started to go faster, harsh pants falling from his nose in time with garbled moans as George continued to thrust his fingers in and out quickly, not giving the blond much time or room to think. The brunet dragged his fingers down hard on the blond's tongue with every pull out only to shove them back in quickly until they hit the back of Dream's throat, making him jump if a thrust was too hard despite the strangled moans. Sapnap hummed around his dick, only flicking his tongue to press against the tip with every stroke, fingers swiping gently across George's knee, eyes stuck between closing and maintaining eye contact with the brunet who was leaning his head against Dream's smirk pleased and fond while watching Sapnap. "You look so hot when you're getting your pretty mouth fucked Sapnap." George cooed as he shoved his fingers back down Dream's throat hard, the blonds hands digging in hard into pale skin, George actually flinching and blushing at the strength, knowing there would be bruises in the morning. Still, he held eye contact as Sapnap blushed and moaned loudly, not afraid to show his pleasure at the words and instead bobbing his head a bit on the other's cock.

Brown eyes softened, reaching with his free hand to cup Sapnap's cheek before trailing up to black hair, tangling in softly and tugging. "Stay still and let him fuck your mouth." George said, tone neutral as the raven whimpered, leaning into the warm hands holding his hair but stopping his motions, returning to licking at Dream's cock when he could as the older's thrusts started to grow erratic. Still, the brunet smiled at the submissive action, returning back to cup the youngests boy's cheek gently, feeling every thrust in his palm and his fingertips that rested near Sapnap's neck when Dream went down his throat. "Pretty boy." He purred out, black eyes fluttering closed as he moaned, George smirking and shoving his fingers down Dream's throat viciously as he went back to nibbling the boys freckled neck, knowing Dream was getting close, trying to push him over the edge to continue his own fun in punishing the bratty boy who truly was in over his head. "You gonna cum for me Dreamie?" He whispered softly, flicking back to see dark eyes watching him, smug in knowing what George was going to do. *He wouldn't be so smug if he knew what it meant for him.* George thought coyly, nipping hard on Dream's neck, the younger boy's hips thrusting up hard, Sapnap gagging around him. "You gonna cum down Sap's throat? Make him choke on it?" He continued, nibbling the skin as Dream's skin took on a flushed hue, starting to almost shine with sweat while his noises, muffled around still fingers that flexed and teased his throat, grew more desperate, stony green eyes fluttering in desire. *He's not going to ask.* George already knew, and he pressed harder, nose dragging down to behind the blond's ear, breathing out and feeling the other shudder as Sapnap's own sounds started to grow desperate. *They are so cute.* He thought, licking the strip of skin briefly. "Dream, Dear," He breathed out softly, the cute blond already tensing up at the pet name, George smirking at the reaction before continuing, "I bet Sapnap would look so hot with your cum in his mouth, don't you think?" He stopped, Dream's thrusts frantic and almost too hard, Sapnap's eyes filled with tears and red but his fingers on George's knee only dug in, not tapping out. *I fucking love him.* He grazed his teeth one last time. "Little Painslut." He said as meanly as he could before digging his teeth in hard, the reaction instant.

Dream nearly screamed around George's fingers that tapped lightly on his tongue, eyes going wide as his hips stuttered, the tension in his stomach loosening before he could even try to grab it. His fingers dug into George's thighs as he thrust back into Sapnap's mouth, the younger boy making a lewd noise while running his tongue along the tip before Dream's orgasm crashed on him. *Fuck it*

hurts to good oh my god. He thought dizzily, making small jerking motions into Sapnap's eager mouth, the other sucking softly to try and milk every last drop as George worked his teeth in, sucking hard enough that Dream knew he would have a hickey there, the first visible and hard mark George had made all night. As his orgasms finally started to fade away he let go slightly, fingertips and toes fuzzy and wincing with a whine when George let go with his teeth, dull pain filling the area as George kissed the area tenderly. Slowly the fingers that had gagged him throughout his orgasm pulled out, not hesitating to wipe themselves off on his face briefly that was already coated in spit, *shame*, Dream licking his lips and whimpering as Sapnap licked at his spent cock, electricity filling his nerves at how sensitive he was. "Stop." He said hoarsely, moving his head to stare into mischievous black eyes before Sapnap pulled off with a pop that sent Dream reeling.

"Oh Dream." George said mockingly in his ear, nipping slightly before shuffling away, leaving Dream feeling cold as Sapnap stood back up, knees wobbly and cock straining at his boxers. Dream only had a moment to admire the sight when Sapnap smirked at him, moving quickly to grab underneath Dream's thighs, the older still winded from his orgasm as he was pushed further up on the bed, falling onto his back as a Sapnap maneuvered himself on top of the blond whose cheeks turned pink and tried to roll them over. Tan hands reached over, gripping his wrists and pinning them on either side of his head, Sapnap bracing himself on his elbows and knees over Dream. "You don't make demands tonight, don't make me tell you again." Green eyes tried to look past the younger boy's shoulder, trying to catch a glimpse until lips pressed to his heatedly. Dream tried to put up a fight, quickly losing as George pinched the inside of Dream's thigh, crying out in the same moment Sapnap pressed his tongue in. *Oh fuck.* He shuddered, tasting himself on the other as Sapnap kissed him fiercely, leaving no room for Dream to breath as he made sure to map out every inch of the blond's mouth, humming as Dream quickly gave up.

Sapnap shivered feeling George thumb along the waistband of his boxers, pulling away from Dream, unable to help the pride that warmed his chest as the blond panted harshly, looking over his shoulder to meet brown eyes that gazed at him coyly. "Don't stop on my account." George said teasingly, pulling the younger boy's boxers down, tapping his knee to pull the first half off before quickly being followed by the other, Dream mouthing as Sapnap's neck with harsh nips as Sapnap concentrated on not falling over or kicking George as he did so. He jumped in surprise when two hands landed hard on his ass, rubbing his thumbs gently. "You want me to stretch you out Sap?" He asked, already reaching for the lube as Sapnap brought his lips back to Dream's nipping bitten lips teasingly, green eyes meeting his with fire that made him melt a bit, cock twitching..

"Please George." He mumbled against the other's lips, whining as his ass was hit again, sneering softly since he knew the older couldn't see his face. "Please George." He said again, louder knowing that was what the older's problem had been, as it usually was Sapnap asking loud enough, feigning shyness or trying to avoid giving George the satisfaction of knowing he made him beg. *Damn Sadist.*

"Pretty boy." George murmured approvingly, popping the cap and pouring some onto his hand, warming it up as he watched the younger boy dive back down to bring Dream into another kiss, smirking slightly. *I haven't even kissed the idiot tonight, how selfish.* He thought, tempted to spank

the other again but deciding against it, dropping the tube of lube onto the bed. “Are you comfortable there Dream?” He asked innocently enough, knowing his mouth was occupied. “I bet you do.” The tone he used took a slightly mocking tenor, putting his clean hand on Sapnap’s left cheek, pulling him open a bit, humming at the shudder Sapnap made. “Must be a dream come true.” Sapnap couldn’t help but chuckle against the blond’s lips. “Or a fanfic in your case.” With that he rubbed some of the lube around Sapnap’s hole, still stretched from the morning. *Brat doesn’t even know he’s in trouble.* He smirked meanly, pressing a finger in slowly, gently rubbing his thumb across twitching skin as Sapnap pulled away to moan softly. “Isn’t that right Dream?”

Dream shivered, breathing in hard as Sapnap moaned, eyes dark with need as he leaned back down to nip at Dream’s neck, relishing the soft sounds he got from the sensitive blond still recovering from his orgasm. He stayed silent, only briefly wondering if he would get away with it until Sapnap bit his neck hard, hands squeezing his wrists until they ached, his next exhale breathy and pain filled. “Answer him.” Sapnap muttered in irritation, biting the blond again hard, this time a shriek echoing through the room as Sapnap moaned, George’s finger fully seated and wiggling around slowly, looking for the one spot to make him see stars.

“Yes.” He hissed out, skin writhing when Sapnap placed a tender kiss to the spot his teeth had been deep in moments ago, breathing out across it and making him want to scream again. Dream was getting sick of teasing... at least he tried to tell himself that except his spent cock was already starting to make a recovery, familiar warmth filling his limbs and stomach again with each nip and bite while the raven moaned from George’s fingers. “Jesus Christ.” He bit out when Sapnap picked another spot, this time sucking hard as George pressed another finger, able to hurry due to the fact Sapnap was still stretched out from the morning. Teeth tugged tenderly at his skin, tongue swiping over the bruising skin teasingly, almost trying to apologize before digging back in and sucking hard, soft flesh pressed up against teeth as Sapnap tongued the sensitive nerves, smirking on Dream’s neck while he writhed. He pulled away with a moan, George’s finger just passing over his prostate in a tease, reflexively pressing his hips back to chase the feeling.

George tutted teasingly as Sapnap pulled away to keep softly, thrusting his hips back in an effort to hurry the brunet up, knowing he was being teased as George purposefully avoided his prostate with the following motion, a frustrated whine pitching in his chest but not daring to escape his throat yet. “I can stop right now, Sapnap.” He threatened, hand squeezing the boy’s cheek hard until he stilled and whined, practically sensing the noise from the younger.

“God you are so mean.” He growled exasperatedly against Dream’s collarbone, lightly pressing his lips there, trailing back up to Dream’s lips, sucking his bottom lip and running his teeth over it until the blond was squirming underneath him again, ignoring the calculating look that was starting to peek through grey-green eyes, simply waiting to pounce. “God you’re so fucking cute like this.” Sapnap breathed out, taking in flushed freckled cheeks and green eyes that still had the audacity to glare up into his, lips practically pouting at the idea of being called cute with a tongue he knew could be sharp ready to make fun of him, likely for sucking him off. *He is so bratty.* He quickly swept down, lips gently but firmly moving against Dream’s, taking the older by surprise, his thumb swiping across the boy’s wrist slowly as he kissed him slowly, practically smothering him with how he took his time. Sapnap pulled away with a sharp whimper as George pressed a third finger

in, Sapnap's hole eagerly taking it in while the boy himself struggled to not thrust his hips back. "George." He moaned, hands trembling slightly when the brunet snickered and spread his fingers lazily, still pointedly avoiding exactly where the raven wanted him, pushing in and out slowly. "Please."

George leaned over, pressing a kiss to the younger boy's back teasingly, spreading his fingers again just to elicit another full body shudder, this time drawing out the frustrated whine he knew Sapnap had been holding back for a while now. "So cute for me aren't you Sapnap." He said, taking care to put the tiniest sliver of sarcasm in his voice, enough to make the tanned boy pause, getting ready to look back at him when George reached over to grip black strands just hard enough to make him stop. "Sappy." He said quietly, gingerly scraping his fingernails across the other's scalp. A gentle warning.

Without another word Sapnap breathed out slowly, cheeks red as he made a soft hum of acknowledgement. His arms shook as he leaned back down to mouth and nip at Dream's jaw, nipping underneath where he knew the other had to still be sore from the rough holding earlier. The blond immediately jumped and squirmed, panting softly when the skin was being assaulted by mean teeth unafraid to provide him the pain he had been seeking and George had denied him. "Sapnap!" Dream gasped out, already feeling himself getting hard from both Sapnap's moans and the teeth that were pulling him apart. He felt so hazy, almost in pain as he got hard again, more sensitive than before but unable the natural response as Sapnap nipped hard near his ear, a strangled cry falling from his lips and cock twitching while he winced, unsure if it was from the pain or pleasure that addled his thinking.

"So good." George murmured in approval from the younger boy's submission, almost feeling bad for what he was about to do. Not enough, however, as he dragged his fingers out while smirking at the whimper he got from the raven who then, in retaliation, delivered a sharp bite to a freckled collarbone, getting a loud moan from the blond who's thighs briefly bounced off the bed before collapsing again on the bed, trembling despite not even being the one getting fingered. "Sapnap, want me to fuck you on top of him?" He asked curiously, more than happy to pull the younger off if he wanted. He knew the raven well enough that he probably wanted to be able to tease the blond from the position, barely holding back his own grin from his own knowledge.

"Please George?" Sapnap asked softly, smirking down at Dream who blushed beautifully, arching up to catch Sapnap's lips hard, nibbling the delicate skin with feverish intent, closing his eyes as George's hand dragged down Sapnap's hip.

George didn't say a word, pulling himself up on the bed with a satisfied smirk. He tipped his head back slightly, shivering softly as he ran the hand with lube over himself, making sure he would be slick while running his thumb over his head. Finally he lined up with Sapnap's hole, rubbing over it briefly, instantly hearing an impatient whine from muffled lips, before finally pressing in slowly, holding Sapnap's hip with one hand as the younger boy moaned lewdly into Dream's mouth. George couldn't help but dig his fingernails into the soft skin, exhaling hard at how tight the other was around him still. *Maybe I should have stretched him out more.* He thought briefly, watching

the younger boy twitch below him, soft whimpers filling the room with harsh exhales, hands flexing on top of Dream's wrist hard enough to make Dream wince. "You want me to keep going?" George asked softly, rubbing his thumb across heated skin and getting another shiver as Sapnap's hole fluttered around him, almost teasing if not for the surprised moan Sapnap let out, shaking his head soundlessly as he clung to Dream's lips, drawing his own attention away to kiss the blond hard. *Christ he's going to be the death of me.* A bead of sweat ran down his temple, forcing a shiver away as he bottomed out in the other, holding still as Sapnap gasped hard for air, finally pulling away from Dream's lips to catch his breath and make his body relax.

"George." Dream's whole body shivered at the desperate tone in Sapnap's voice, only now noticing how fucked out he sounded and how raspy his voice was, hardly remembering he was the reason for why, only that he wanted to hold Sapnap flush to him and grind them together until he made the younger boy cry. *Fuck.* "Please move oh my god I'm going to fucking die if you don't." George laughed on the other hand, his grip on his own self control starting to slip as Sapnap fluttered around him, gripping the younger boy's hips in both hands, squeezing until Sapnap was writhing and mewling like a whore around him, Dream's green eyes watching as Sapnap's eyes started to fill with water. The raven haired boy quickly shut his eyes, grip painfully tight on Dream's wrists and he hiccuped from the hard pressure, not nearly as much a masochist as Dream but more into the control aspect. He loved it when George put him in his place, used him and called him good for listening, but this was mean and was certainly a punishment. "I was so good." He nearly cried, barely having the presence of mind to pull up on Dream's wrists as the younger hissed out a noise of complaint. "I was good George please."

"Were you good Sapnap?" He asked quietly, tenor low and knowing, sending shivers down the pleading boy's spine. "Didn't you tease Dream while you were supposed to be cockwarming?" He sounded so innocent, as if his questions were normal and friendly instead of damning and condescending. "Weren't you smirking and mocking me while I let you have a reward? Twice tonight in fact?" Sapnap nearly sobbed, shifting his hands off of Dream's wrists carefully to dig into the bed-sheets on either side of the blond's head, no longer pinning him but still barely limiting his movement. George's lips were tipped into a mean smirk that only Dream could see, green eyes widening as his pupils dilated as George stared at the shaking boy hungrily, absolutely in control and enjoying every second, panting softly at the twitching around his cock. "Look at you, you're a mess and I haven't moved in so long." George loved using his words to drive the raven crazy, knowing he was only a few well placed words away from sobbing. *He's so easy.*

"George please I'm sorry I'll be good." Sapnap whimpered, blinking in surprise when teeth scraped across his wrist, playful green eyes meeting his smugly. His cheeks burned red in indignation, using one hand to pull on dirty blond locks hard, the boy hardly fazed before digging his teeth in hard, making Sapnap shout in pain and falling onto Dream's chest. The blond immediately smirked, letting go of Sapnap's wrist bite at his neck hard, George snickering at the two brats fighting it out as he kept the youngest boy's hips in place.

"You two keep fighting while I'm trying to have fun here." George said in mock disapproval, eyes twinkling in delight the other two couldn't see, slowly grinding his hips forward. Sapnap's eyes rolled into the back of his head, another desperate noise filling the room when Dream bit along his

neck, unnecessarily mean. “Dream, Sappnap isn’t a masochist like you, be nicer.” George said after a particularly tense whine, once more pain filled than pleasure, Sappnap's hands still tangled in the sheets as he pressed up slightly, bracing on his forearms as hungry teeth followed, slightly more gentle than before.

“Please.” Sappnap whimpered, eyes closed as George gently ground into him, not truly thrusting or even putting pressure on his prostate, just leaving him open and needy while Dream, the damned brat, took advantage of him by nipping at his neck leaving searing brands across his skin.

“Oh Sappy.” George cooed in an all too mocking tone, running a thumb hard across his hip until he whined low in his throat were Dream’s teeth attached, sucking an angry purple mark onto him. “You aren’t in trouble, not really.” Sappnap let out a sob at that, legs trembling and fisting the bed hard, frustration filling his veins. How was this not punishment, George said he only gets punished for being bad. This wasn’t fair, he couldn’t stand it, he particularly couldn’t stand smug lips that pressed to his neck sucking another mark that ripped another dry sob.

“Why.” He grit out, voice raspy and rough and hard to discern as he cried out in frustration, George pulling back only an inch before grinding back in, teasing and mean. “Fuck why George please you said-”

One hand on his hip danced its way up his back, twisting its way up his spine lightly and stopping on his shoulder, gripping him firmly, but gently. *Calm down.* George stayed still as he let his thumb swipe across Sappnap’s skin, the younger hissing at the contact but leaning into it anyways, pretty black eyes fluttering briefly before moaning when Dream nipped at his skin again, close to George’s hand. In an instant George dug that hand into blond hair, the position to do so strenuous and forcing him to practically lean across the raven, attempting to be careful despite being lighter knowing he was shaking and would fall over if not for his own hand on Sappnap’s hip. He forced Dream’s head back onto the pillow savagely, getting a pretty and loud moan in response, the loudest noise the proud boy had made all night. This time George did smirk openly into dazed green eyes. They had worked each other up into such a tizzy that he hardly had to do anything to make both of them moan for him, that alone made his cock throb in need.

“Dream.” He said softly, deceptively so as his expression was teasing and bordering cruel as he ground hard against Sappnap, ripping another harsh noise from the overwhelmed raven. “Do you know why I’m doing this?” Dream’s face twisted in confusion, the expression oddly cute and George laughed, tugging blond hair again until he was rewarded with another moan. “I’m doing this to Sappnap because you wanted to be a brat and cum when you didn’t have permission.”

Black eyes snapped open, wet and frantic as he whined low in his throat, trembling as George slowly ground in again. “That’s not fair.” Sappnap said heatedly, fire returning to his voice as he tried to push up, George easily pushing him back down with an amused sound, hardly bothered by the other.

"Its not." George admitted, green eyes still confused as they glanced at him. "But I'm not going to let you cum until Dream begs for you to." Dream's eyes widened and Sapnap's breath hitched, tipping his head to stare up at freckled features. "You should try being persuasive here Sap." With that he let go of Dream's hair, pushing back up to his earlier position, returning his hand to Sapnap's hip.

Sapnap bit down hard on Dream's collarbone, the blond shouting loudly and trying to squirm away, eyes pricking with sudden tears. "Ow!" He yelled, breathing hard until Sapnap pulled his teeth out, the marks already bruising as angry dark eyes stared at him. *As if he didn't help.* Dream couldn't help but think in frustration, ready to make a counter measure when Sapnap's hands dug into his hair, keeping him still for the most part as he moved to a different spot, just below the first bite, and sinking his teeth down just as hard, sparks of pain and pleasure filling his veins. "Sapnap!" He gasped, the raven grinding his skin between his teeth, now more pain than pleasure filling him and making him writhe as George laughed at the scene, watching for only another moment before pulling his hips back, the raven releasing his skin quickly to moan softly. "That hurts." He practically pouted as blood rushed back to the afflicted area, a throbbing pain filling him.

"Its, oh fuck, supposed to." Sapnap growled, panting softly in pleasure when George pressed back in, the first motion and feeling so good he could barely breathe. "I'm going to hurt you, fucking shit!" He stopped as George shoved the last in hard, ghosting over his prostate and making his vision spin for a moment. He knew the older boy was smirking at him, the thought aggravating and forcing him further into frustration. "I'm going to make it hurt until you beg, you fucking brat." He leaned in, exhaling against wet and tense skin teasingly, unafraid to smirk and enjoy the shudder he got in response, eying another expanse of freckled skin while moaning when George dragged back out, slightly faster than before. "So fucking beg." Without another moment he dug his teeth down on Dream's collarbone, pressing the flats of his teeth against the bone hard enough to hurt himself, twisting the skin cruelly while Dream yelped, squirming hard but pinned by Sapnap's weight, gasping and scrambling at the bed as he was forced to endure the pain that only stopped when Sapnap pulled back to moan as George thrust back in.

"Georgie!" Sapnap moaned against Dream, the older boy starting to speed up, not wanting to make this easy for either of them. "God, please I was good let me cum please." He tried, pulling Dream's hair until he got a lewd moan, the room filled with them.

"Not a chance." George huffed, pressing in harder, Sapnap writhing under his hands with delight, frustration visible in every line that made up the younger boy's body, his head dipping back down to bite at Dream again, another strangled moan barely lined in pleasure filling the air.

"Dream please fucking beg I'm losing my mind." Sapnap growled, sounding less whiny and more frustrated with the blond, nipping over a fresh bite mark as his eyes squeezed shut, the next thrust more firm as it dragged over *that* spot. "Holy fuck." He practically sobbed, pulling Dream's hair taut to prevent him from tipping his head to retaliate as Sapnap rested his head on the boy's chest,

writhing and panting in unrestrained pleasure, cock twitching between his legs with each thrust.

“Sapnap.” Dream whined, the hands almost too hard, enough to send lights across his vision and forcing him to shut them, blissed out at the constant medley of pain that persisted through every lapse before new pain pressed forward.

“It’s not fair.” Sapnap sobbed, feeling tears of frustration pass his eyes, relaxing his fingers in Dream’s hair, hiccuping as George thrust in hard, this time missing his prostate completely, the thrust feeling hollow and empty. “I was good but you weren’t so I cant cum.” He sounded like bitch, complaining even as George technically gave him what he asked for, for the Brit to fuck him. The week was crashing around him, a week of not cumming, a week of George watching him tease himself on camera without being able to get off with his boyfriend, days of George fucking his brains out but being the one left hard at the end finally catching up and sweeping him up in waves of need he felt lost in them. “You got to cum listening to us all week, but I didn’t.” He whined, fingertips digging into the bed sheets as he halfheartedly dragged his teeth across shivering skin, stopping to moan at George’s head catching on his rim, ready to pull out.

“No please don’t stop I just wanna cum Georgie please.” Sapnap said hurriedly, letting Dream’s hair go in his hurry to reach back and rest a palm on a pale hand, hissing as the action pushed George in slightly. “Please don’t stop.”

“You’re crying Sapnap.” Dream said in surprise, eyes raking over flushed and blotchy tan cheeks, black eyes a bottomless void but shiny with tears that had trailed down his face, a drop landing on Dream’s chest. Black eyes stared at him expectantly, the expression washing away quickly as George grinned behind the raven’s shoulder, Dream catching the expression and shivering. *He’s scary but so hot what the fuck.* He thought as George slammed back in, Sapnap’s face twisting as he sobbed, cock twitching.

“No shit he’s crying.” George said, sounding raspier and more strained than before, pace steady but hard as he continued to fuck into the crying raven, wet droplets falling onto Dream’s chest. “He hasn’t cum all week.” Sapnap whimpered as George pulled out slowly, grip on tanned hips firm but not painful, giving the raven no room to squirm. *Just be good and take it, you’re almost there.* “And its your fault he can’t cum.” Sapnap yelled as George’s cock drove right into his prostate, fingers gripping the sheets hard enough to make his knuckles white, blinking pleadingly at Dream who was still shocked at the fact Sapnap was crying but wanted to keep going.

I’m in over my head. “George.” He said softly, cheeks pink and green eyes slightly glazed over, Sapnap’s tear filled eyes making his heart twist but cock twitch in a way that had him swimming in guilt, wondering why on earth he was so turned on seeing his best friend cry. It was intoxicating, it was painful, but he wanted to fix it. *I can give it up for tonight.*

“Yes Dream?” George asked curiously, watching the slight fire die out in green eyes that were locked onto Sapnap's, thrusting in hard and getting another sob in response from the wordless raven who twitched cutely around his cock, pulling him closer to his own limit than he'd like.

Dream bit his lip as Sapnap sobbed again from another rough thrust, knocking him face first into Dream's chest where he whimpered, tipping his face to the side to moan, George's pace brutal and unforgiving. “George please let Sapnap cum.” The mentioned boy cried harshly, tugging the sheets in his hands in frustration, confusing Dream until George smirked, pausing his movements to run a thumb across Dream's flushed cheek, the action as mocking as the smile he wore.

“My two pretty boys.” George cooed cryptically, running his finger one more time, delighting in how flushed Dream's cheeks got from the words but missing all the indignation he had before, this time looking bashful instead. “Just for you, Sapnap, I'll allow it.” His voice was softer, more tender than he had been, smiling gently at Sapnap as he whimpered, wriggling his hips knowing he was getting some leeway. “C'mere Sappy.” He tried to offer some warning, snaking his hands around Sapnap's biceps to pull him up, shuddering at the desperate noise the raven did being further impaled on George's cock. “That feel better?” He asked, kissing a marked neck, kissing any tear tracks that made it that far as he started rolling his hips up slowly.

“So close George.” *God he sounds so wrecked.* George moaned softly in response, nuzzling the boys neck and staring at the blond who watched them in aroused surprise, cheeks still pink and eyes embarrassed, looking like he was intruding for the first time tonight, traces of guilt that George didn't want there peeking into his eyes. *That won't do.*

“Dreamie, dear.” *There he is,* George thought after the blond shivered softly at the pet name, expression relaxing slightly. “Give him a hand. If I let him go he's gonna fall again.” Brown eyes lit up in special affection as Dream swallowed, the boy's Adam's apple bobbing endearingly as he reached out quickly, either expecting it or wanting to before being invited, to start stroking Sapnap who immediately started writhing in his lap, more tears falling at how overwhelming all the sensations were. “You're so close baby.” George mumbled as he nibbled Sapnap's earlobe, drinking in the soft whimpers that filled the spaced between loud sobs and screams. “You gonna cum for me? All over Dreams hand?”

“Yes please George so close.” Sapnap babbled, shaking as he felt himself toeing the same edge he had been at all week, allowed to nearly fall off the precipice before George would pull him back. He let out a lewd whine, Dream's hand speeding up as George pulled him down into every thrust, the sound of their hips meeting filling the room. “Can I please oh my-” George pulled him into a kiss, Sapnap could feel him smiling fondly. A moment later George thrust in one more time, hitting his prostate as Dream's thumb ran over his slit, sliding down tightly. In an instant Sapnap was practically sobbing, cumming hard as he body shook in George's firm embrace, writhing and whimpering into the kiss that George snuck his tongue into, pushing the younger boy further and further into his head as he was swept up in the intensity of his orgasm. Sapnap pulled apart to pant as George simply moved to kiss his neck again, pistoning his hips forward a few more times before moaning loudly into Sapnap's ear, tanned cheeks flushing a deeper color as the British boy

came hard inside him, the last few thrusts slow as Sapnap clenched around him, the pair breathing hard.

“I fucking hate you George.” Sapnap mumbled tiredly, black eyes still wet with tears slowly refocusing only to see Dream licking his cum off his hands. “I hate you too Dream.” The smug smile he got in return made him groan, pushing himself off George who simply snickered in his ear, nibbling it once more before also pulling away. “What happened to being nice to me tonight?”

“I just was.” George protested, shivering at how different the cold room air felt running over him post-orgasm. “If it were you I would have made you say it louder, but I let him say it quietly, shyle even, as if he isn’t a whore.”

“Hey!” Dream protested until dark eyes, somehow still hungry stopping his protests in his throat, the smug look he got making him shiver.

“You are, don’t argue with me.” George said simply, fumbling around the bed in his search for something. “Where did it go...”

“Where did what go?” Dream finally asked once George looked away from him, trying to ignore his erection as trepidation built in his gut, the sensation growing when Sapnap gave him an aloof grin, one hand reaching to rest on his knee.

“There it is.” George quipped, pulling out a clear bottle with lube, the implication already making Dream want to back away, but he stayed still as desire pooled in him again.

Sapnap’s hand squeezed on his knee, hardly looking like the boy from the beginning of the night or even the sobbing mess he was minutes ago. “You didn’t think we were done, did you?” He asked teasingly as George smirked from Dream’s silence. “We said until you forget your name, and I am willing to bet we aren’t there yet.”

Chapter End Notes

I put this in a discord before I started writing, but after drinking basically 4 shots of coffee, a monster and 2 caffeinated sodas. I was determined to have this out tonight, but the caffeine was strong and I wrote crack in my discord.

I'm also laughing cause in my brain I went "Writing fanfic, but we coded it to have so much caffeine in our system we got the shakes. Will we be able to finish this story tonight before my heart stops? Stay and find out. Also, Ao3 statistics show not enough of you horny fuckers leave kudos or comments. If you enjoyed the story, leave a kudo. You can never take it away later, but it makes me happy so do it anyways. Enjoy the smut.

Anyways, hope you guys liked it, part four in a week or more. <3 thanks for all of your support always, it makes me day. <3

Tremble

Chapter Summary

Dream finally, *finally* gets what he deserves and what he wants... for what that is worth.

“You really should learn when to shut up Dream,” George said gently, Sapnap’s dark eyes flicking up to meet his for a moment. “Otherwise you might just get exactly what you want.” The only indication the statement carried an edge lay in the dark smirk George had, eyebrows relaxed as the smile crept across his face, looking appraisingly over the blond.

Glimmering green eyes looked only mildly apprehensive before a smirk, faux confidence dripping off the corners as the younger’s breath turned soft and quiet, spread across a freckled face. “Then let me have it, Georgie.”

Chapter Notes

I'd like to thank my friend cleopatraslibrary for being the beta for this chapter, literally a life saver and saving me from my standard humiliation of having a dozen or more spelling mistakes and armfuls of grammatical errors.

I'd also like to thank y'all for all your patience in waiting for this last part, like damn I'm surprised by how popular this story got compared to other works I've done. Thanks everybody. <33 Without much more blathering, Enjoy and I'll see y'all at the bottom!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream swallowed hard, Sapnap’s warm hands still damp from sweat and tears that hadn’t quite yet dried still slowly working their way up his bare thighs. “Really?” He asked, voice small as cool green eyes blinked slowly, shivering at the feather light fingertips that leisurely made their way back down to his knee. “You meant that?”

George’s grin grew feral, taking a few steps closer to Sapnap to gently tuck the bottle into Sapnap’s open palm, tanned fingers curling around the bottle already seeking to warm it up. “Only if you want us to...” George answered, sounding nonchalant as if he didn’t mind it either way. Maybe he didn’t. Still, dark brown eyes were trained on him, clearly assessing him; it made Dream want to squirm under such an intense gaze. “Do you want us to?”

God he wanted to, he knew Sappnap would open him up so well, make sure he wasn't in pain before they fucked him. Maybe they both would. Or maybe just George, and Sappnap would fuck his throat to get back at Dream, or maybe-

"Dream?" Sappnap asked, a single hard thumb on his knee helping to pull him out of his messy and frenzied thoughts that were quickly getting away from him; startled but heated green eyes met concerned black that melted away into surprised arousal. A lazy smirk ran across the younger boy's face, free hand dragging up Dream's freckled thighs to rub hard at the sensitive skin of his inner thighs, the blond shuddering. "I was worried for a second, but you're just thinking dirty thoughts..." Dream didn't have a moment to be suspicious of the trailing off before those fingers that had been rubbing his thigh squeezed down hard enough to make him jump and try to pull away. "Instead of answering George, not a great start there."

"Ow, Sap, that hurts!" he shouted, too focused on the spatters of pain that shot up his nerves and impassive dark eyes holding his flushed face still to notice the shorter brunet drop on the bed next to him, moving fluidly to pull his arms to his sides.

"As if you don't like it," George mumbled in his ear, nipping at the delicate skin briefly before snickering at the pathetic noise Dream made, low and needy. "Sap, let him answer." He didn't have to look at the raven for his order to be obeyed. Sappnap had, hopefully, learned his lesson for the night and understood where he was supposed to be. Still, it had been fun to watch him fall apart so easily, even if it hadn't been his original intention. As expected, Dream's face relaxed as the tension on his leg lightened and he managed to take in a few short breaths, glancing away from Sappnap to meet George's expecting gaze. "Answer my question, Dream."

The soft shudder was so sweet George briefly considered being nice to the younger boy, debating if he could go much further. "I do. I want to. I-" He cut off in a rare display of vulnerability and hesitation. "I've wanted something like this for a while."

"I know," George said dryly, bemused by the admission.

"So do your worst." *He really just can't help but be a brat, now can he?* George thought, disregarding any desire to make it easier on Dream who simply gave him a shamelessly insolent grin, looking a peg too high after George got to see the soft boy beneath the bratting, and only a glimpse when he asked, not begged, but asked for Sappnap to be able to cum. George wanted to see that boy again, but he wanted to see him covered in tears, in bruises and hickeys that would litter across his neck and chest, wanted to see him covered in cum but so hard he was torn between begging to cum or to stop. George wanted it all and, considering how willing Dream was, he would take it in an instant.

"You really should learn when to shut up Dream," George said gently, Sappnap's dark eyes flicking

up to meet his for a moment. “Otherwise you might just get exactly what you want.” The only indication the statement carried an edge lay in the dark smirk George had, eyebrows relaxed as the smile crept across his face, looking appraisingly over the blond.

Glimmering green eyes looked only mildly apprehensive before a smirk, faux confidence dripping off the corners as the younger’s breath turned soft and quiet, spread across a freckled face. “Then let me have it, Georgie.” Sapnap laughed between his legs, dropping the bottle of lube in favor of pressing his hands on either side of Dream’s hips, gently tugging him down to be flat on his back, ignoring the huffs of annoyance the other made - that was George’s problem to deal with. He fumbled back to grab the bottle of lube, slicking his fingers up as George shifted to roll on top of the blond.

“Sapnap,” George said, carefully resting on top of the taller boy, straddling his waist before stretching out to rest his face right above flushed red cheeks, cheeky grin still in place while George took the position above him. “Don’t stop until I tell you to, alright?” Midnight eyes glittered in surprise, humming in acknowledgement before George returned his attention back to the blond who finally had the decency to drop the smirk and instead shiver in trepidation once George was on top of him. He was already so close to the younger boy’s face, it would have been easy to lean down and kiss bruised and swollen lips that were practically begging for it, but there was a genuine look of nervousness in the other’s eyes that unsettled George.

His expression softened into a reassuring smile, running thin fingers through damp dirty blond hair gently. “You can always safeword out and we’ll stop,” he said with a kind tone, “Or you can tell me now if you want us to stop.” There was another pause as Dream’s breathing started to steady out, the flicker of anxiety dampening now at the words.

“I’ll say something if it’s too much...” Dream answered back breathily, familiar sparks of playfulness filling his face once the apprehension melted away, a cheeky grin that was quickly becoming familiar returned and challenge welled in green depths. “But I doubt anything *you* can do will be.” A fine brown eyebrow raised in question as a smile, unamused but kind, appeared in response.

“I can’t wait to talk limits out with you after this.” George admitted, leaning in enough to make the other lean up for a kiss, hovering just out of range. A familiar pout reappeared on the other’s face making the brunet laugh in delight. “I could really spend all night trying to make you cry.” Dream shivered in want, pupils dilating enough to be noticeable while letting out a soft sound of surprise when Sapnap ran a slick finger over his hole. “Although, if I’m being honest here Dream...” He trailed off, briefly getting lost in kaleidoscope grey green eyes with flecks of brown dappled around dark pupils and in pink lips that parted to let out another soft whine, lower and more uncomfortable when Sapnap started to press his finger in, the skin beneath his thighs trembling while those pretty eyes stayed on his. “I could probably make you cry tonight.” George could feel more than hear the soft sound Dream made, lips pursed as he tried to hold back the desperate noise, but seeing familiar lips twist into a mean grin Dream knew George had heard the sound he had tried to suppress.

Pale hands cupped his cheeks, firmly holding his face still and forced to stare into coy brown eyes that were already looking for the quickest way to pry him apart at the seams to leave him open for the kill. "You want that Dream?" George murmured quietly, sweet breath like strawberries dipped in chocolate fanning over his face, a sudden and poignant reminder he had yet to kiss the older boy all night. Desperation was written all over his face, he knew it from the mean curl of the brunet's lips, looking calm and collected in a way that was both unnerving but arousing. *He really does have me in the palm of his hands.* "You want me to make you cry like Sapnap did earlier?" *Oh fuck.* He looked away, staring up at the ceiling before gasping at Sapnap suddenly shoving the rest of his finger in, his hips squirming in discomfort before George tugged his attention back with an impatient tap on his cheek, looking only slightly annoyed, mostly amused by his reactions in a way that only made Dream want to squirm more. "Or maybe you want me to do more than that?"

There was another tremble as Sapnap pulled his finger back slowly, taking care to make the actions slow at first, not wanting to hurt the older boy. George snapped the action up hungrily, brown eyes dark with desire. "George." He breathed out, surprised by how raspy and needy he sounded, moaning when the younger boy's finger pressed back in just as slow as it came out, thighs trembling in need. He didn't need to say a word, George simply staring down at him waiting for a response, clearly not willing to move an inch until he had gotten the words to spill from his open mouth. The tips of Dream's ears burned red in indignation, beyond willing to play this game until another choked moan fell from his lips as Sapnap twisted his finger around gently. "Yes."

"Yes? Yes to what?" George teased, pulling back a bit more and taking the sweet scent away with him, the air feeling slightly colder now until Dream warmed it with another soft sound, trying to shift his hips enough to get Sapnap to press where he needed it. The teasing and drawback pressed a button, not quite willing to give up the playful fighting they had going on, instead rushing to feed it in a bid for some semblance of control.

"I bet you can't even make me cry," Dream said hurriedly, green eyes burning like fire, greedy and challenging. "That's why you keep asking me, you don't want to try and make me, only to fail." Amusement flickered in brown depths, the hands on his face still gentle, if stiff now. The tense situation made him want to squirm, the look in brown eyes made him want to take the words back, to let George and Sapnap have their way with him instead of whatever he could see George plotting in chocolate depths. Still, there was something egging him on, he wanted them to break him, see how far they would push him and he was going to make sure they did. "Sapnap only cried cause he's a little bitch, you would need all night to make me." The words left him feeling hot, electricity building in his nerves as the finger inside of him stopped suddenly, wiggling ever so slightly inside him but otherwise going still as George's smirk turned triumphant. If Dream had any sense of self preservation he would have been nervous, but everything in him screamed in twisted victory.

"Oh yeah?" George inquired, looking too smug and composed for the small rant the younger boy had gone on, noting how pink lips were parted and pulled up just enough at the edges to look like a sneer, freckles dancing with each pant as green eyes issued a challenge. "You sure you wanna say that to the person prepping you?" The blond's lips twitched in what had to be consideration but didn't say a word, making George's grin wider, not sure if he was surprised or just amused by the

amount of defiance Dream had, not that it should have been surprising considering how stubborn and cocky the blond could often be. "I see. Sapnap, are you a little bitch who cries easily?" He reluctantly dragged his gaze away to look over his shoulder, seeing an equally smug look on tanned features, something about the younger's look tinged in fond warmth, likely from how familiar the behavior was and how easy it was to read when seen from the outside.

"I dunno George." Sapnap said slowly, pulling his finger out and running slow circles over the boy's rim, ignoring the tiny shivers and pants Dream made. "Seems a lot like projecting to me." Dark midnight eyes flicked away from a twitching hole and cock to meet George's with a smug grin, imploring. "Can I?" Brown eyes warmed over, a gentle nod his answer before the mean look returned to pale features, George's attention returning to the annoyed blond, lips pressed together even as his cheeks were red from the constant pressure around his rim.

"I bet I can make you cry before you cum again Dream." George offered a challenge, knowing exactly what buttons to press to make the speedrunner feed right back into his hands.

"What if you can't?" Dream answered, taking the bait as George laughed softly, the sound familiar and clear, the blond's spine tingling pleasantly.

"If I can't, I'll let you fuck me," he said confidently, knowing he had fully reeled the younger boy in when his breath stuttered and his cock twitched. "But if I win, I'm going to make you cry some more for me and I'll go until I want to stop. You sure you wanna take this bet, Dreamie?"

Green eyes sparkled in response. "I can't wait to fuck you George." was the expected response Dream gave, teeth showing as he grinned with bravado. George hummed, looking thoughtful at the younger's confidence before finally peering back into green eyes with a surprising amount of cockiness, something about the expression giving Dream the impression he already lost the bet he had just made. He didn't have very long to mull over it as George finally swooped in to bring him into a kiss, gentle thumbs swiping across his cheeks, tender enough to make him want to blush more than he already was.

Where Sapnap was patient, letting Dream work himself up until he could turn the tables at the last moment, George was greedy like him but had enough finesse to change the situation into his favor. He didn't wait, instead nipping teasingly - lighter than Sapnap did earlier - at already plump lips, taking advantage of the smallest gap to slide his tongue in, gliding it across his open lips and tracing his tongue, making a soft noise into Dream's mouth when the blond's hands ran across the already forming bruises on his thigh. The younger attempted to tip his head up, raising himself until their noses pressed nearly painfully, Dream wanting to take advantage and try to lead the kiss, a half hearted chuckle filling his mouth before the hands on his cheeks slid up to his hair, tugging hard enough to make Dream groan, eyes rolling back but his efforts doubling. The brunet smirked, rubbing gentle circles while sliding his tongue down into Dream's mouth and pressing at the roof of his mouth to gain a startled sound and jamming right down the younger's throat, firmly secure in

forcing the others submission, swallowing each soft and low moan Dream made.

A particularly vicious smirk crossed his lips when a sharp noise of surprise formed deep in Dream's chest, taking it eagerly and pulling back to gaze down at the flushed blond, chuckling lightly as the sound was repeated, freckled features twisting into pleasure. "You found it already Sap?" George asked curiously, already knowing the answer but no less delighted at Dream's low groan and flexing fingers when Sapnap pressed against his prostate again, skin twitching in mild oversensitivity.

"Looks like it." Sapnap offered easily, his own expression wolfish and hungry, crooking his fingers. He nearly laughed when freckled thighs both twitched and tried to pull close, the sensation already becoming too much. "Dream," he said in mild chastisement, not hesitating to slap the soft skin hard before he pulled them back apart as the blond shuddered from the hit, "Keep them open, even an idiot like you can do that, can't you?" Dream made a soft inhale, lips curling to argue before George snickered and pressed their lips together again, motions no less precise than earlier.

Dream flexed his fingers on the oldest's pale thighs, trying to dig in for a reaction but only getting soft breathy sounds and nothing more, nothing he could work with. Part of him wanted to try and lead a kiss tonight, hardly counting the once or twice he had with Sapnap while the younger was getting railed, yet he couldn't deny how intoxicating it felt to be pushed down at every instance of a power struggle. The fact George could, and was, handling every action he made so easily made his stomach burn hot, desperate for more while also wanting to flip the pale boy over and ruin him. George took advantage of the younger's mild distraction, fingertips resting on the boy's neck and digging in enough to draw him back and get the full brunt as Sapnap pressed three fingers in, the groan airy and shuttery.

The raven spread his fingers apart slowly, not wanting to hurt the younger boy in a way that would be lasting, shuddering at how warm and tight the pressure around his fingers was, pulling his fingers close together and Dream twitching around him, a muffled but still needy groan echoing through the room. Sapnap hummed approvingly, the sound making him shiver. "He's still so tight George."

"Yeah?" George asked airily after pulling away with a lewd *pop*, sitting up enough to look over his shoulder at the raven, gaze curious and filled with desire that burned hot enough to make Sapnap shudder. The sight alone made plump pink lips tip up further, eyes smoldering as his eyebrows lowered, thumbing the bridge of Dream's neck while turning his attention to the raven. "You thinking about how good he would feel around you Sapnap?" he asked softly, easy to mistake for gently if not for the ravenous smirk that held the youngest captive, shivering nearly imperceptible while thrusting his fingers in and out slowly, not daring to take his eyes off of George's. "I'm thinking about it too," he continued silkily, pressing his thumbs in harder on freckled flesh, the blond inhaling sharply as they grazed the ridge of his jaw that still was sore. "How tight he'll be around my cock." Another swipe, pulling one hand away and trailing it down the boy's side, still focused on Sapnap. "The faces he'll make..." George let his fingernails dig in slightly, the next gasp hitched and in the back of Dream's throat, retracting them nearly instantly to leave a soft but

unsatisfying throbbing sensation. “How cute he’ll be moaning my name, your name,” he then reached out, the position awkward but cupping the youngest’s flushed face, smile gentling slightly. “How he’ll beg for more before begging us to stop.” Sapnap shivered in his grasp while George could both feel and hear the blond’s groan with his fingertips digging back in under the blond’s jaw.

“George.” Sapnap panted, leaning into the warm palm slightly and pressing his fingers back in, crooking his fingers with practiced ease on Dream’s prostate again, eyes rolling slightly at the lewd sound.

“You want a reward baby?” George guessed, not leaving space for the younger to ask, grateful for guessing properly as black eyes darkened perceptively and the head in his hand nodded quickly, overly eager but delightfully endearing. “You wanna fuck him first then, pretty boy? Since you opened him up so well?” His lips twitched at the younger’s eyes widening, lips pressing a soft kiss into his wrist. “So cute.” he mumbled, thumbing across a lightly stubbled cheek before pulling away from him to adjust his position on the blond, smirking down at flushed freckled face as he brought his hand back to the other, fingertips gliding over soft skin.

“First?” Dream nearly croaked, green eyes torn between relief and desire that were met equally by brown eyes that were already making a slow meal out of him, thumbs gently gliding over his chest, the older smirking down at him.

“Yeah, Sapnap is gonna fuck you open for me and then I’m going to make you beg me to stop.” The words may as well have been a bullet for how they ripped through him, breath caught in his chest painfully as he let it out slowly, green eyes wide and cheeks flushed with desire. The look made George chuckle loftily, drawing up again, deft fingers wrapping around freckled wrists, holding them firmly while his eyes turned demanding but not unkind, shuffling slightly and lifting one thigh up slightly while guiding that hand underneath. Dream hardly had the thought to fight, letting his hands rest at his sides where George’s thighs pinned them, warm and soft. He tried to pull, tugging gently away but getting nowhere, dark pools watching him hesitantly. The blond breathed out, eyes fluttering briefly and letting out a soft whimper as Sapnap’s fingers pulled out, wriggling his hips impatiently.

“Be. Patient.” Sapnap chided, a heavy hand landing on his unmarked leg hard enough to make him yelp and squirm. “I’m going to put my cock inside so be. Patient.” Each pause was punctuated by another slap, his thighs only stinging and warm but nowhere near hot enough to be painful. It was just enough to make him want more, despite knowing how foolish it was to want more when everything was already almost too much, bridging a gap where fantasy met reality and becoming a blurry line in between. Already there seemed to be an unspoken rule where they expected Dream to tell them when they went too far, but they still wanted to give him time to stop them before.

He was pulled from his distracting thoughts as a warm but slick object pressed against his hole

again, teasingly flitting over the twitching muscle but not pressing in. “Sapnap.” He tried to complain, gently pushing his hips up and only getting an inch, if even, with George’s body on him.

“Dream.” George’s voice was low, a warning that Dream shivered at, green eyes still full of fight and fire that rose to meet George. “Patience.” There was little room for defiance or argument in the tone, not that the blond paid it any heed. His lip twitched into a half smirk that was full of blatant disregard, hips rolling up again minutely with a gaspy sound from the raven behind George. Green eyes rolled back slightly, the younger boy’s head tipping back slightly and his dirty blond hair fanning out messily onto the sheets as the head of Sapnap’s cock just barely pressed in, a needy whine already growing in a bruised neck.

“Just fuck me.” he demanded, tongue licking at his lips briefly before yelping as George’s fingers tangled into his hair, pulling it taut and forcing the position of his head to line up with George’s eyes, cracking them open to see a bemused expression. “Geo-”

“Dream, I warned you earlier you don’t get to make demands tonight, didn’t I?” the British boy asked, words crisp and unbothered as if his own cock wasn’t hard and practically leaking on Dream’s stomach, expression a mixture of haughty and disappointed. “Or I would have to punish you?” His stomach dropped, Dream’s expression softening even as he continued to wiggle against Sapnap, trying to get the raven to press in deeper, wanting more. “Really? You want to try and look innocent or... apologetic now after you’re in trouble?” George asked incredulously, fingertips rubbing into the sensitive spots on the blond’s scalp, tilting his head in pondering as Sapnap made another soft sound behind him.

“George, can I?” he started to ask quietly, black eyes tense and filled with desire, shivering when Dream’s hole twitched around the head of his cock again. A warm hand skimmed his hand, guiding it up to the blond’s hips and squeezing, silent instructions. Sapnap swallowed thickly while slipping his fingers around tanned, freckled skin, squeezing down enough to make Dream shudder and whimper again until George, with the one hand in dirty blond hair, tugged hard enough to make his eyes shut with a hiss of pain.

“Go ahead and push all the way in Sap.” George finally said as Dream reopened his eyes, only slightly unfocused and the slightest sheen in them, blinking blearily through the haze. They quickly opened wide as Sapnap pressed in without hesitation, spreading his legs apart further. The raven used his free hand to hook underneath shaking thighs, smirking smugly at the trembles and low keen that Dream made, fingertips gliding down soft skin until he was completely sheathed in the older boy’s heat, deftly pulling one leg around his hips and grateful when Dream followed suit on the other side, now pressing his other hand to the other side of Dream’s hips, staying still and shuddering at the warm and tight heat. “He feels that good?” George asked, barely glancing over his shoulder and keeping a brutal grip in blond locks, the tension making Dream shiver and writhe, to look at the youngest who had started to sag against his back, breathing heavily on his shoulder as warm skin twitched.

“Sensitive still.” he finally answered, exhaling on skin that was just as hot as his own, dark lashes fluttering almost ticklishly on a pale back, moaning low in his throat when Dream’s hold fluttered around him. The next exhale was slow and deep.

George snickered knowingly, free hand reaching around to stroke at tense hands on top of freckled hips, the motion gentle and sympathetic. “I know, take your time,” he said kindly, turning his attention back to the blond who gave a protesting whine, the sound cut off into a sound of pain when George released his grip only to pull it back in an instant once the blond relaxed, smirking at the reaction. “The brat here can wait until you’re ready, my good and pretty boy.”

Sapnap’s breath caught, shivering pleasantly and pressing his lips delicately into the skin on George’s shoulder blade. “Yeah?” he asked breathlessly, the rumble in George’s chest less audible.

“Yes Sap, you’ve been so good for me, pretty boy.” Sapnap didn’t need to see the smile, he could hear it in the older’s voice, humming happily at the praise while it settled into his stomach.

“Say it again?” Sapnap asked, his smile wry as it pressed into George’s shoulder, the older snorting.

“Pushing it.” was the short but amused response, letting his grip in Dream’s hair fall again to rub gently at the sensitive scalp, Dream somehow still finding it in him to lean into the soft affection, green eyes filled with pain and shine, but hazy in pain that made his whole body tremble slightly underneath. George could even feel large hands that could easily engulf his thighs flex beneath them, digging into the fabric of the bed as waves of pain and pleasure rolled through him. Half lidded eyes, flushed expression, dark bruises marring an otherwise unmarked neck and messy sweaty hands made George groan, cock leaking and he made a particularly hard rub against sensitive skin, Dream humming before pressing against it. “You are such a pain slut.” George commented, brown eyes watching without surprise as the haze fell away, hints of defiance that, at this point, were more for show than anything else reappeared, staring into bemused brown eyes once again with a small sneer.

“Yeah? What does that make you?” he asked, voice rough even as George snickered, the hand digging back into his hair and nearly wiping his thoughts away with the sharp pricks of pain returned, almost boarding too painful at the constant repeated action, biting his lip as a low groan echoed through the room. Sapnap laughed, rolling his hips shallowly to extend the noise that tapered out into something more pleasurable, less pain-filled but just as intoxicating.

“The person who gets to deal with two brats apparently,” George answered rather sardonically,

shifting backwards until he could feel the tip of Dream's cock press against the curve of his ass, barely repressing a smug sound when the blond gasped in pleasure, the muscles below his body tensing as if to move up. "Don't think about it," he said quickly, fingers tugging harder for a fraction of a second to make the blond refocus, staring seriously at the younger with a firm expression as he spoke again, "If you keep on being so defiant I'll take it as you don't want this and we'll stop Dream." The threat was half hollow, meant more as a motivation for compliance, this time smirking as the blond stopped, body relaxing easily under him and groaning loudly at the threat, fingertips twitching beneath him.

"What?" Dream croaked, pitch rising as Sapnap gave a quick and shallow thrust, thighs spasming and arms flexing, green eyes losing their focus again briefly. "You wouldn't..." he tried to challenge. Despite attempts to look intimidating, only disbelief and concern flooded his eyes, looking shinier than before as George scoffed in indignation, leaning in slightly until his nose was pressed to Dream's. The spark of defiance waned, something akin to fear fluttering in bright green eyes, not quite what George wanted but still arousing and making his cock twitch between their stomachs, the soft noise the blond made showing Dream felt it.

"Try me." he said simply, breaths mixing and fanning out along the room, both rocking slightly as Sapnap made another shallow thrust, Dream's mouth opening into a strained cry, eyes closing and George sitting back up to admire the sight of the usually proud blond falling apart slowly, deliciously almost, beneath him gave him a hell of a power trip, deciding he liked this position where he even had the rare chance to look down on the blond who stood a head taller than him.

"That's not fair." Dream said in protest, tone worn before groaning lewdly as the youngest boy pulled out nearly all the way, pressing back in quickly and leaning against George's back again, a rumble in the tanned boy's chest with dark hair tickling his jaw. Green eyes flit back open to meet George's, surprised by the amount of near tears that pooled there already, shuddering in desire and gingerly rocking his hips back to not throw the youngest off but still grind against the blond, a louder moan finally flying past persistently obstinate lips.

Sapnap laughed at him, strained and heavy in his chest where his heart hammered against his ribcage, each thud felt against his skin and in his cock that was buried inside the teary eyes, but not yet crying, blond whose green eyes were staring at him with concern and disbelief. The sight was endearing and arousing enough to make his smirk soften, a hand reaching past George's shoulder to cup his cheek, swiping the heated and (moist) skin tenderly with his thumb. "Dream, it's never supposed to be fair," he explained gently, the keen making his lips tug up into a more wry expression, running his thumb along again, "George stacks the odds for himself so he will win any bet, that's why it's never fair." He couldn't help but rock forward gently, fair eyebrows pulling together as Dream let out a soft moan, thighs trembling around Sapnap as his hold twitched, eliciting a gaspy moan as well.

"I won't lose next time," Dream grit out, green eyes softening into slight submission, but that only went so far with the intense look he gave both of them, flicking his gaze between them. "I'll stack the odds for me."

George snorted, hands once again running shamelessly through blond hair, tugging occasionally without any true heat but still enough to make skin twitch in desire. “Yeah?” George offered simply, looking far too composed for Dream’s liking but his position offered no real way to rectify the ‘wrongdoing’ he found. Still, his hands twitched at his sides underneath pale thighs that held them in place as he itched to pull at the older boy. At the defiant look George shook his head, grasp firm as he held Dream’s face still before leaning down until their lips met, biting at already bruised lips until the younger was whimpering and shuddering from Sapnap’s shallow grinding, teasing in the way George wanted and hoped for. As he pulled back he left another nip, the next sound tired and complacent, looking back up to shiny green eyes. “You’re gonna have to try a lot harder than that if you wanna win then Dreamie.” George hissed, the nickname sounding more like an insult and it made the blond’s eyes roll back at another shallow grind rocking his body.

Hands twitched beneath pale thighs, making the brunet smirk wickedly in delight, trailing his fingertips down to the blond’s neck, dancing them over the dark marks that were already starting to settle into sensitive skin. He rolled his hips back again as Sapnap drove forward, drawing out a whiny noise and Dream’s neck flexed as he tipped his head back again, tongue flitting out to lick at his lips.

“George, god do that again.” The brunet made a tutting sound, digging his fingers into the bruises mercilessly, Dream immediately giving a sound of discomfort and squirming while Sapnap started to speed up his thrusts, satisfied that Dream was relaxed enough for him to continue. “George!” he yelped, trying to look back up until deft fingers quickly pressed underneath his jaw, the younger groaning at the self inflicted pain from moving his head too quickly onto firm fingers, head dipping back again quickly as he moaned.

“I cannot believe how many times I’ve had to tell you this,” George commented, tone lacking any amusement as he rocked back again, the younger whimpering quietly, “Even Sapnap listened better than this the first time I fucked him.” The mentioned boy let out a sharp noise of indignation but, wisely, kept his mouth shut and instead thrust back into warm and tight heat, only barely digging his fingertips into smooth hips, not pressing down hard. *Yet.*

“Give me a break.” Dream panted out breathlessly, trembling when George pressed back into bruises Sapnap had left earlier in retribution for the ‘punishment’ he had received in Dream’s place.

“Give you a break?” George said in disbelief, Sapnap’s pace stuttering, snickering softly. “I’ve given you plenty of slack tonight, I even punished Sapnap in your place earlier, didn’t I?” The silence that filled the room was beyond telling, the brunet shaking his head and smirking at the answer he got. “That’s exactly what I thought. So what you are demanding is for me to let you have exactly what you ask for, which you really don’t want, Dreamie,” he added in a soft almost mocking tone, “instead of giving you what you actually want?”

“I-” The blond was cut off by a particularly hard thrust, eyes rolling back and feeling tingles in his eyes, watering slightly at the pleasure and pain that had made their home in his body, each wave rolling through him like piles of brick, briefly stealing his thoughts each time. “Fuck Sap,” he mumbled.

“He feels so good doesn’t he Dream?” George asked in a wry tone, Dream’s eyes fluttering but at feeling poised fingertips below his jaw he knew better than to look. “So big and filling you so well.” He continued, stroking at aching skin gently, deceptively innocent as if he wouldn’t let those same fingertips dig in mercilessly the moment Dream attempted to move. “I’m surprised he hasn’t found your prostate yet...” The tone was knowing and made Sapnap swallow nervously, smiling (wryly) as George’s back, changing his angle slightly before thrusting in, grazing over the blond’s spot and being delighted by the strangled cry he made.

“God I’m close, feels so good.” Dream said quickly.

George ground back again, Dream’s eyes rolling before sitting still, whimpering as Sapnap continued to rock in, pace slow but thrusts hard and well placed, each one only skimming his prostate but not enough to get him off without a hand on him. “Wh-”

“I think I know how I’ll punish you then.” George said with a smirk, watching green eyes continue to grow with intensity, the defiance and argument starting to leave and make way for desperation.

“Noo...” Dream groaned, already having an idea how the older was planning on doing to him. He wasn’t certain if he could handle being made to wait until he cracked like an egg and he begged, under the impression that his pride a bit too large to be able to take it. George smirked, the action making Dream’s blood run cold as the brunet moved his hands away from the boy’s neck, trailing them down the blond’s chest, thumbing peaked nipples and drinking in the startled sound with delight.

“You didn’t even hear what it was yet...” George tried to argue, staring smugly into green orbs that watched him with suspicion and enough fear that made him groan in desire, nearly drooling at the mental image of the blond crying, begging for more or for mercy, either would work. He started the night wanting to make it about Dream and indulging him, but after the other’s bratty streak reared its head all he wanted to do was make the cocky boy fall apart at his hands, to see him in tears and chest heaving, lips pink and puffy from too many kisses he would use to shut him up, to see marks marring tanned and freckled skin, legs twitching and nearly sobbing from everything to much. The thought made his own dick twitch, blinking languidly to hide the hunger in his eyes, but from the nearly panicked look in green eyes showed it was a poor attempt. *Oh well.*

“What...” Dream asked quietly, hissing in surprise as warm fingers this time pinched lightly at his nipples, moaning when Sapnap pressed in again, the action slow and teasing. “Oh god.” He said in a loud and needy tone, desperation in every cell as his thighs twitched around Sapnap, hands flexing in frustration beneath George’s legs, pinned and helpless in a way that was both intoxicating but annoying. “I need more holy fuck.”

“You *need* to fucking listen.” Sapnap groused, ruthlessly thrusting in, hardly touching Dream’s prostate and making the blond groan in frustration, throwing his head back as water stung at green eyes, chest heaving beneath George’s deft fingertips and panting hard, dick leaking against George’s back.

“You don’t get to cum until you cry,” George said, shocking the blond who snapped up to stare in panic, breathing nearly stopping, “And if Sapnap gets off before you do, I won’t even let you cum tonight.” The last part was added with a savage smile that stole the blond’s breath away, processing for a moment before saying a single word.

“What?” The question was asked with panic, lashes blinking quickly.

Brown eyes flickered back down impassively to frantic green eyes, snickering as trails of water beaded at the corners and lids, eyelashes damp and cheeks flushed but there were no watermarks. *Yet*. George grinned coolly, pinching the younger’s sensitive nipple between his thumbs as he grinded back against his cock to illicit another moan that caused the other’s eyes to lose focus for a moment. He was being cruel, but Dream clearly liked it; it wasn’t like George hadn’t taken several moments to check in on the blonde and offer him a chance to slow down or back off, and through it all the blond had offered him a cheeky grin and dismissive words. Words George had clearly taken as a challenge, now set on making the younger boy cry before he could cum.

He pinched again as Sapnap thrust forward, an obscene sound filling the room from where those two were connected, George shuddering and cock twitching at the idea, near promise, of being inside Dream. “You heard me, don’t pretend.” George said dismissively in a rough voice, grinding back gently as Sapnap pulled back, Dream’s whine etching itself into their memories, whiny and desperate. “You either cum before Sapnap finishes or you don’t get to at all.”

“That’s not fair.” He tried to whine, cutting himself with a whine from a sharp rock in and two vicious smiles, the one adorned by brunet hair a touch more mocking.

“Oh Dream, you know I don’t play fair, Sapnap told you that, and you’ve seen that.”

“But you won’t even let me cum until-” His voice cut off, thick with emotion that was mostly

frustration, the burning in his eyes growing at the same time George's grin did. It made his stomach burn hot, and he knew what would happen, what George would say without even hearing it.

"That's right." George nearly whispered, as smug and flushed as Dream but with all the power as Sapnap leaned forward, head resting on his shoulder and tipping into his neck as he thrust in and made Dream's vision go white. Warm palms on his hip, *Sapnap's*, grounded him through the pleasure, fingers digging into the bed with frustration as a near sob ripped free from his throat, Sapnap's cock nestled right on his prostate while George rolled his nipple again. "I won't let you cum until you cry, and if you don't cum before Sapnap does then I'll make sure you won't tonight." He repeated in a mocking tone, speaking slowly with a mean and cruel smirk before he snickered at the pathetic expression Dream made, the action unfairly cute even with dark eyes but tousled fluffy brown hair. Dream's heart stuttered as Sapnap moaned lowly into George's throat, pulling out slowly and giving Dream just enough time to take a sharp inhale, stuttery and shallow, before plowing back in quick and hard, pushing all that air out in the shape of desperation that made George's skin rise in goosebumps. It was headier than alcohol and more addicting as he ground back and dug his fingernails into tender buds, Dream's near scream and half sob making George exhale steadily, eyes so dark they could have been Sapnap's.

"You're so close Dream." he taunted, rocking back as Sapnap's chest pressed against his back, the youngest's breath only slightly uneven despite the needy moans that George felt more than heard, Sapnap's body jostling him as he rocked back into the blond who writhed helplessly. George figured Dream had to be at the end of his rope, his body covered in a thin sheen and shaking while desperate hands dug into the duvet beneath his thighs that let him feel each motion. His eyes hungrily watched messy dirty blond hair that was splayed across the white sheets, half propped on a pillow that no longer mattered, prettily flushed cheeks that were slowly growing splotchy while his nose even turned red. Shiny pink lips constantly parted to make strained hisses, last dregs of defiance, and moans, just waiting for them to twist into open sobs, green eyes that were so glassy and shiny with tears that bubbled at the surface. He already had won, but now he was waiting for Dream to accept it and finally give in.

"Fuck." The sound came from deep in Dream's chest, hardly louder than a whisper as the sound hurt, pressed and weak. "George, I ca-" He cut off as the hand left one nipple and delivered a savage pinch to his collarbone where a hickey already lay, his thighs spasming around Sapnap who let out a moan and laugh, kissing George's neck as his pace sped up. "No- wait Sap-" George cut him off again, giggling at him with dark eyes that truly looked down on him, bemused by his defiance.

"What's it gonna be, Dream?" he asked, curious as if he didn't know the answer, as if he couldn't see the tears Dream was fighting to keep from spilling down his cheeks, turned on and being assaulted with waves of pleasure and pain they either competed with each other or filled the space between. His breath hiccuped, biting his lips to try and hide the noise as George let out a single amused huff, fingertips light and dragging down his sides. "You gonna let Sapnap fill you up and me, but not cum?" He smirked, resting just above his ribs, tapping lightly as Sapnap thrust in again, nailing his prostate and being helpless to suppress the sob that fell from his lips, squeezing

his eyes shut. "Or are you going to be good and cry for me so you can get what you want." They were tempting words, Dream was swimming in them, crying out again at another well placed thrust, sooner than the one before. It didn't take a genius to realize Sapnap was drawing closer to his own orgasm, offering no relief to the blond in search for his own pleasure. *Why would he? He took Dream's punishment earlier, he might as well get paid back in full.* "Either way, you're a loser aren't you?" His eyes snapped open to meet brown pools staring at him mockingly, the curl of his lips bordering cruel, black eyes on his shoulder swimming with lust but a breathy laugh enough of an indication this slight power struggle was about to be over.

Dream felt his heart thud in his chest as Sapnap pressed back into him, grazing over his prostate but the pleasure was overridden by the sharp pain of George's fingers digging in cruelly between his ribs, forcing their way in and fucking *giggling* as his breath caught. Another heartbeat passed and he could feel his throat straining, only another moment before he could hear the ragged cry that fell from his lips, vision blurring and eyes squeezing shut while digging into the sheets. Dream sobbed as the fingers pressed in harder, eyes stinging and breath short, hurried as pain clouded his vision and perception, only able to get a small reprieve as one of Sapnap's next thrusts, he could hardly feel any pauses in the thrusts anymore, landed directly on his prostate, brutal and jarring from the pain that cloaked him. His breath caught, cut off and dry before Sapnap pulled off again too quickly and left him in the pain that George was pushing him through. It was visceral and all consuming as George twisted his fingers, pulling off just enough to let him catch his breath, sucking in a deep breath only to scream it out as Sapnap thrust back in, hitting his spot again as George pressed right back down, angle slightly changed so Dream could even feel his fingernails digging in, sharp compared to the dull.

"Fuck George." he could hear Sapnap gasp out, pace stuttering briefly before picking up, Dream's hiccupy moans growing louder as the fingertips pulled away, the dull ache making him whine and shudder, eyes closed as he tossed his head. Those pale fingers rested lightly on top, not rubbing at the area to help dull the pain but instead just present enough for him to instead focus on it between thrusts that only shifted him or were placed well enough to pull him out of the haze long enough to make being thrown back in feel sharper. "Can I cum George, please." *No.* Dream wanted to protest, beg the younger to wait so Dream could try and work something out, but each thrust shut out all his words, only soft sobs and hiccups falling from his lips, stuck in a medley of pleasure and pain with each impatient tap over his ribs a soft reminder.

Finally his breathing evened out, opening wet green eyes as George stared at him triumphantly, a hand wrapping around his cock and making him writhe. "Go ahead and cum whenever you want, pretty boy." George cooed, trailing his fingertips up towards Dream's face, cupping and only slightly digging into the sensitive spots under the blond's chin, brushing his cheeks with a slight glide that, Dream noticed, felt wet.

It was only then Dream realized he had tears coming from his shiny eyes, turning a deeper red in embarrassment.

There wasn't much time to linger on it, the feelings of losing, as the hand on his cock started to

stroke him hurriedly, no finesse or teasing as George's smile grew softer, enough to make Dream whimper before tossing his head back, away from soft and gentle hands, as Sapnap's hand on his hip pulled him into the next thrust, twitching. "God." He rasped, throat rough from the yelling and harsh sobs before another thrust wracked into his prostate as a thumb ran over his tip, keening low in his throat. He was so close, so close he only hoped he could manage to cum before Sapnap did, the other's hurried pace, that was surprisingly accurate, his only indication he had little time to actually get off.

George's hands sunk under his jaw, harder this time, drawing out soft whines as he was tipped back to look at George, their lips meeting as the older leaned forward with a grin all too mean to be innocent. Dream didn't have the frame of mind to either question it or even pull away, the next thrust just as head on as before, followed by another with a hard squeeze on his hips, the next one that landed on his prostate with a quick flick of the wrist over his cock had him moaning and nearly screaming into George's mouth, hands desperately trying to move but still thoroughly pinned by milky thighs that only tensed at the action, pink lips pressed to his moving smugly.

Everything about George was smug and infuriating but so easy to forget as Sapnap continued to thrust into him through his orgasm, the first few hardly noticeable as they only extended his orgasm, raming right where they needed to. The last few had him shaking and sobbing openly into George's mouth, limbs tensing with slight fight before relaxing as the pleasure left him weak. The brunet pulled away, laughing in his face with amusement and Dream knew it had to be from the tears he could feel rolling down his cheeks and soft hiccups his body made as the pleasure of the hand on his cock and Sapnap driving into his prostate turned painful, digging under his skin like an uncomfortable itch, slowly turning into a pain that had him openly sobbing. "You're really putting him through hell Sap." George commented with amusement, only getting a soft laugh, strained, from Sapnap. "Don't you wanna cum too baby?"

"Wanted him to-" He cut off with a pant, cock starting to twitch inside Dream and the slightly older boy whimpering, wet green eyes locking onto Sapnap's. "Suffer a bit too." The last part came out airily, the barely composed smug grin crumbling as George tipped his head back to press a kiss to the hollow of the tanned boy's neck, teeth grazing slightly, lips falling into an open and soft moan. The grip on his hips shifting to the meat of his thighs and gripping harder until he sobbed loudly, tearing his eyes away to close them and nearly screaming as Sapnap's hand on him started to stroke faster, twitching at the sensitivity that set his nerves on fire, distantly wondering if he was burning alive as George's hands ran over his still sensitive ribs, torn between letting it be a reminder or warning.

"No, George don-" Dream tried to gasp out, not sure if he could take the pressure that bloomed into pain when Sapnap already had him wrestling for strings of his sanity, the next flick on his spent cock making him cut off with an undignified croak. George made a face as Dream's eyes rolled back, only mildly dissatisfied with the behavior and demand the blond had wanted to make, making his mind up and letting his fingers curl into the boys ribs, the scream that came out made his own dick twitch in interest while the sound tapered into a whiny moan, Sapnap's own grunts short and no longer smug. He quickly pulled his fingers back to lightly trace over skin he hoped would have bruises in the morning, letting out a soft moan as Dream's eyes opened again to stare at

him pleadingly with eyes that were glassy in pain and overstimulation, almost guilty as he allowed himself several short strokes even as the younger hiccuped.

“He’s so cute when he cries.” George said in a low tone, pulling a hand off himself to reach behind, now resting it on top of the warm palm that was still keeping a painfully tight grip on freckled thighs. “Look at him Sapnap.” He offered Dream a look that seemed sympathetic, gaze flicking to dark eyes that peered over an ivory shoulder, pupils dilating before eyes fell closed. With a low groan, something between pleasure and only mild annoyance, echoed through the room, his hand gripping harder for a second while his second hand finally, mercifully, stopped stroking the shaking and near breathless blond who could only whine in discomfort.

Dream’s skin felt fire hot, burning pleasure pain he hadn’t felt before thrumming below his skin and feeling it nearly tear him apart with each rampant and fluttering heartbeat that was racing in his chest. Wet lashes blinked, another noise, slightly less frantic but still just as shattered, fell from the blond’s lips as Sapnap thrust in one last time, the sensation wetter than before. Dream’s nose scrunched up as Sapnap shallowly ground forward, shivering as he felt more heated warmth fill him, relief pooling in his body as the promise of a reprieve seemed to appear on the horizon, welcome in his still twitchy and sensitive body.

Sapnap leaned against George’s shoulder, breathing heavily for several seconds as two thumbs overlapping each other slowly stroked over his thighs, helping the blond steady his breathing that had caused him to feel light headed and delirious when combined with the pleasure and then intense feelings from earlier. Soft lips pressed to George’s neck, nuzzling gently, midnight colored eyes still staring at Dream while speaking. “You ready for your turn Georgie?” he asked, not bothering to hide his tired smirk as Dream glanced at him in panic while George grinned in delight, nuzzling back.

“Been waiting for it all night.” the brunet said with a soft tone, warm hands grazing across Sapnap’s hand while moving off the blond, unsurprised when large hands grabbed at his thighs, easy to shake off as they were weak. George turned his face to look down at the overly sensitive blond, smiling in a less than reassuring manner as Sapnap pulled out, watching flushed features scrunch up and a heady sigh following.

“God.” Dream bit out, sounding breathy and throat strained, wincing again as the youngest finished pulling out, blinking hazily and fingers settling into the sheets. “I don’t think I can.” He tried to say, pausing to exhale loudly when fingertips, Sapnap’s now, skimmed up his ribs.

“Aww,” Sapnap cooed gently, still keeping his touch light as George fumbled around for the lube, warming it up briefly in his palm, “Everything is so sensitive right now isn’t it?” he asked, humming at the nod he got with still wet green eyes staring up at him, only mildly surprised that Dream was staying still instead of trying to squirm away or continue being defiant, even the edge in his eyes were gone. He looked soft, pliant, and absolutely delicious. “Man, I can’t wait to watch

Georgie fuck you.” he mumbled, leaning in to catch swollen lips heatedly, smirking into the kiss when the blond let out a startled and sharp sound as George lined up, giving a full body tremble.

“Sap, pull up for a minute babe.” George said, shuffling his weight a bit to have a better position, still not pushing himself into the younger. Once Sapnap compiled he looked at the blond, threading a hand into his hair, this time smiling softly at the gentle leaning he got again. For all the fighting, Dream actively had been leaning into all the gentle touches and it was beyond endearing, giving the impression he was maybe more physical than he had been letting onto all week. Tossing the thought away for later consideration, George thumbed along the blond’s jawline, careful to not press down on, what certainly had to still be sensitive, spots where they had mercilessly dug into before, but the younger’s breath hitched slightly, green eyes blinking at him with a mixture of want and *too much* .

With a jolt of satisfaction George realized he was looking at the same boy underneath all the brattiness and defiance he had glimpsed at earlier. One that was eager to please, but needed to be treated gently if the slightly fragile look in his eyes said anything. He thumbed across the lightly stubbled skin again, pressing only a touch harder until green eyes closed for a long moment while Dream shuddered, biting his lip hard. “You still want me to fuck you Dream?” he asked genuinely, more than willing to hold the others thighs closed and fuck the soft skin there until he came, already beyond pleased to have achieved several of his own desires tonight and willing to put off actually fucking Dream for another time. *I’ll be damned if there isn’t another time*. He thought to himself, refocusing as Sapnap’s hand carded through his brown hair, tender and grounding.

A large hand pressed to the hand on Dream’s jaw, the blond looking slightly more focused than before but losing none of the softness, offering a toothy grin that still seemed cheeky. “Just fuck me already.” He said quickly, stroking a thumb over George’s hand, gasping as the hard mask settled back in while fingers dug in slightly under his jaw.

“Ask me nicely, instead of demanding,” George said patiently, relaxing his grip quickly before pressing forward just enough to let his tip push in before pulling back out with a smirk as the blond tensed before whining pitifully, a mix of nerves and desire drawing it out, “I’ll give you whatever you ask for, but nothing you want to demand.”

Sapnap snorted, letting his hands thread back into Dream’s hair, adjusting his position to press heated kisses into the boy’s neck, letting them overlap on hickies that were already well on their way to forming. “He’s being so much nicer to you than he was to me,” he mumbled almost bitterly if not for the playful smile on his face. Still George sighed, thumbing across Dream’s skin while also tugging black locks of hair warningly, satisfied by the soft whimper he got from the pair.

“I’m being equally nice,” he defended himself as Dream continued to watch, clearly debating whether he would comply or try and drag up what minuscule amounts of bratting he had. “You get off on me taking control and having you be good to get what you want, whereas Dream is just a

pain slut, but he still needs to ask me nicely or I'll just let him handle himself." Sapnap smirked, chuckling against the blonds neck before grazing his teeth across the sensitive skin, feeling the boy shudder from his ministrations.

"Fuck you." Dream said quietly, shivering again when George's fingertips dug in harder, trying to squirm slightly to press into the older's cock but finding no slack to do so. He only briefly thought about pushing back, bratting for more, but as Sapnap's free hand just barely passed over his nipple, likely not even trying to, he felt a rush of sparks flare through his body, like live wires waiting to be set off. He paused with a sharp sound, eyes shutting. *Fuck that I can't do this much longer.* "George, I still want you to fuck me." he tried to get away with mumbling, but without any movement and only slight sounds of amusement from the two boys he figured he would have to try again. "George, please fuck me."

There was silence for a moment and Dream started to open his eyes again, ready to ask for what he had done wrong and ready to try again before feeling the air be punched out of him, eyes now opening wide. "Oh fuck George, I-" He cut himself off, the one hand he had in the sheets digging in hard and breathing hard, eyes nearly rolling back at the intense sensation of George pressing in. Every nerve that had been on fire before when Sapnap had fucked him through and after his orgasm flared up, body almost painfully hot and his cock twitching at the sensations. Dream exhaled hard again as the hand cupping his cheek easily turned his face up, clearly in the direction of George, who made a low laugh, mocking if not for the gentle thumb swiping across warm skin. "It's so much." he finally whined out, meeting dark brown eyes staring at him hungrily, like they wanted to devour him.

"I know," Sapnap whispered in his ear, black eyes also connecting with Georges and shivering in sympathy for the blond, nuzzling the younger's neck tenderly, "Everything hurts so much but so good. Feels like being on fire, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," Dream croaked as George ground in, eyes shutting and moaning softly, "I'm so hot."

George snorted, letting his hands trail down from the other's face to splay his palms across a heated and heaving chest, giving Sapnap more space to leave heated kisses and marks, slightly amazed by how twitchy Dream's skin was beneath him. "Trust me, we know you're hot Dream," George said with a soft wink, thoroughly amused by the fresh wave of pink that colored freckles cheeks even as Dream barked out a laugh, strained but amused nevertheless. He couldn't help himself, pulling one hand down to press Dream's thighs apart so he could lean in without pressing in much deeper and bringing their lips together. Dream instantly made a soft sound, opening his mouth easily and letting George press his tongue in with no resistance, scrambling to palm at George's hands greedily as Sapnap delivered a sharp bite to the corner of his collarbone, pulling away to make another moan before George tugged him easily into another heavy kiss, holding him in place as Sapnap marked up his shoulders and moaning into the brunet's mouth.

“Please.” he said hurriedly as George pulled back from the kiss, gingerly digging his nails into George’s hand and reaching out to grab at Sapnap, green eyes staring up at George with need even as his skin writhed in oversensitivity. “Please fuck me George, I’m going to lose my fucking mind if I have to deal with this for too long.” He followed up just as quickly, pulling again and watching dark brown eyes regain a familiar and welcomed dark glint. George ripped his hand away, resting it on Dream’s hip as he pulled away again, pushing his hair back with one hand and smirking down at the younger boy before Sapnap swooped in, catching Dream’s lips with a forceful laziness, moving his lips just enough to encourage Dream to follow his motions.

“I think I want to hear you beg Dream.” George said slowly, shallowly grinding his hips forward and watching the blond’s hands scrabble for purchase with amusement, a needy keen reverberating in the younger’s chest. Sapnap chuckled, pulling away to let Dream breathe as George’s fingers danced along the boy’s hip bones. “C’mon Dreamie, the sooner you start the quicker this will go,” He paused with a wicked grin, grinding his hips forward again and hearing the same strangled cry, “Unless you want me to do this for a while?”

“George.” The blond rasped hurried, hands gripping Sapnap’s thigh hard enough to make his knuckles white and the youngest hiss in pain. Without needing a reminder the blond relaxed his grip but still was taking deep shaky breaths. “George please fuck me.” Another shallow grind sent his head tossing back, whimpering more than keening. “Oh fuck George I need it I need you please fucking fuck me holy shit.” He nearly sobbed in desperation when the older boy only grinded his hips again, thin shreds of coherency left in Dream’s brain as Sapnap pressed gentle kisses to the hollow of his neck. “*George.*” He whined, feeling dark eyes on him as his eyes shut. “*Please*, just fuck me I *need* you to fuck me *please George.*” The hands on his hips tightened slightly and Dream wondered if he still hadn’t done enough.

Dream gasped hard, twisting to pull away from Sapnap as George snapped in and out once quickly, grazing over Dream’s prostate. The embers that lingered under his skin sparked, feeling like fire as it spread through him, squeezing his eyes shut and desperate to suck in a hurried breath, skin tingling and outright writhing under George’s lone hand on his hip, holding him in place. Sapnap smirked into their kiss, now slipping his tongue in and pressing slowly, forcing itself around Dream’s as he moaned desperately, squeezing Sapnap’s hand hard. Finally the raven pulled away, the smug smirk still firmly on his lips.

The blond opened his mouth to say something, likely beg for more, but George took the opportunity to make another quick movement, pulling out until only the head remained before pushing in quickly again, this time the angle slightly different and landing a more solid glance on the younger’s spot. Any words the blond had wanted to say fell away and were replaced by a loud and sharp cry, nearly spasming and water rushing to his eyes, making them shiny but not falling over as he blinked hazily towards Sapnap’s face. “Oh fuck.” he managed before being pulled into another heavy kiss while George started to quicken his pace, sending the blond writhing uselessly, sharp noises of pain mixed pleasure as George’s hand dug in harder to his hip.

“Sap.” George said after only a few minutes, own face flushed with effort but dark eyes hooded as

the mentioned boy turned to stare at him, lips plump from hard kisses but spread into a lazy smile. *If I weren't so close I'd kiss that stupid expression off his face.* Sapnap seemingly could tell what George was thinking and his expression grew even as George finally put his other hand on Dream's other hip, gripping just as hard while he stilled his movements, a frustrated sound growing in the blond's chest. Even looking down George couldn't tell what was more overwhelming to the other, being so close again and wanting to get off or being so overwhelmed even words were unavailable and wanting it to be over. Still, green eyes glassy with unshed tears and red cheeks that were only matched by bruised kiss-bitten lips made his cock twitch and he needed more of it. "I'm close, but Dream needs some more help. I'll hold his hips in place if you'll suck him off again." It truly was a request, dark eyes peering at him curiously while Dream let out a desperate noise, shaking his head frantically as his chest heaved at even imagined stimulation.

"No, no, that'll be too much; I can't." he said quickly, tongue quickly flitting out to lick his lips even as George offered him an imperious smirk, tilting his head.

"Too much?" he asked innocuously. "You can't?" There was a pause, Sapnap stroking blond hair briefly as his chest heaved, shivering at the tone, wondering where George was going to go with this and feeling bad for Dream if he couldn't answer well enough. "Can't what? Cum again?"

Dream fucking *whimpered*, turning his gaze away and mumbling something inaudible even to the raven who was practically buried in his neck, the boy snorting in displeasure and leaving an encouraging nip. Dream shivered and made a slightly indignant noise, lip curling in minor annoyance that faded the moment George shifted, hands sliding up to his waist, leaving small trails of fire wherever his hands touched. "I can, I want to cum again." he finally said, barely loud enough to be audible. George hummed thoughtfully, rubbing his thumbs in heavily but not painfully, unimpressed with how the blond's body shivered at the stimulation and the slight wiggle he made, almost trying to encourage George to continue fucking him.

Instead, George ground in further, Dream nearly seizing and letting out a loud wavering cry, hands scrambling into the sheets before gasping for air. "Then what, you don't want to cum down Sapnap's throat again?" he continued, giving Dream only a second before repeating the motion and get another sharp cry that finally made his lips turn up into a smirk, Dream's stomach curling and flipping as he realized George already fucking knew why but wanted him to say it for both his and Sapnap's pleasure. *What an as-* He tossed his head back and nearly screamed when George rolled his hips again, his cock finally pressing fully on his prostate and feeling like he could die from the amount of pleasure and pain from all the stimulation, a single tear beading on the ridge of his eyelashes. He sucked in a breath of air greedily when George pulled back just enough for him to breathe. "Answer me Dream, you should know better by now." he chastised, pulling green eyes back to focus on him as Sapnap watched the blond with vested curiosity.

He sucked in another breath and exhaled quickly, fingers clenching again. "You already know." He said, unsurprised when George simply pressed in, sending him nearly screaming before pulling back just as quickly, fuzz traveling underneath his skin and plucking at his brain.

“Sapnap doesn’t.” George offered simply, appearing cool and calm but twitchy hands on freckled hips and flushed cheeks an indication that he wanted to return to fucking the younger and cum, especially feeling Sapnap’s own release around him like some twisted lube, almost like a mocking reminder. His lip twitched in amusement when shiny green eyes met his, filled with frustration but, finally, resignation. *Thank God.*

“I’m going to cum so fast and you’re just going to keep fucking me until you finish...” he said hesitantly, as if it were a question, so George simply offered a taunting smile and nodded in response, shivering as Dream’s hole tightened around him for only a moment before relaxing again. “I don’t think I could handle that, it would be so fucking much.”

Sapnap swallowed harshly, hands twitching and Dream shivered at the hungry look. “Was that so hard?” George asked mockingly, giving a soothing rub on Dream’s waist before pulling his hands back down to the younger’s hips, firmly gripping and humming at the sensation of skin flexing below his fingertips. “Sap, you can choose, you don’t have to..” he trailed off with a mischievous smirk. “But I’m sure he’ll cry so preciously if you get him to cum down your throat again.” Black eyes gleamed in challenge, Dream’s green eyes pleading before George resumed thrusting in, Dream shutting his eyes and moaning in pleasure without missing a beat.

The raven snickered, moving to pull Dream into his arms, reaching down with a hand while leaving a line of fire hot kisses to the boy’s neck while slowly wrapping a hand around the older’s cock, drinking in the near sob with delight. “I think he’ll cry no matter what, he’s so sensitive George.” Sapnap murmured lowly in his ear, nuzzling messy blond hair affectionately as the other leaned into it with a hiccup, writhing and moaning when George pistoned in again. “God Dream, you’re close already? I just started.” He teased, nipping the other’s earlobe and shivering at the heady cry.

“ *Yes* , oh my fucking god, Sapnap.” Dream whined, George’s next thrust hitting his prostate and sending him reeling, hands now frantically reaching for Sapnap and digging into the other’s legs, squeezing hard as the next thrust and stroke lined up, sending him into another series of moans as water built in his eyes. Dream knew George had to be close with how quickly he was thrusting in, hurried and no longer carrying a rhythm, but he was already at his limit and nothing he could do would prevent what would happen next. It was enough to make him sob, leaning his head back heavily onto Sapnap’s shoulder where the raven mouthed eagerly at new exposed skin, hand speeding up around him. “Fuck, so close oh my god. George, Sap.” he babbled, only getting another few seconds before his vision whited out, cumming over the younger boy’s hand but hardly anything actually came out, body tensing and squeezing around George who gave a low groan. His grip on the blond’s hips changed, now pulling Dream’s pliant but shaking body into each heavy thrust, no longer bothering to be graceful and only graze over Dream’s prostate.

“ *God dammit George.* ” He said desperately as he was pulled into the first thrust, going lax and allowing himself to be moved like a doll.

The younger sobbed, hiccuping into raven hair and wet tears falling from his eyes as Sapnap continued stroking him, reaching to grab at the boy's wrists but lacking the strength to pull him away as the last few thrusts rocked into him. "Too much, guys too much." he said loudly, eyes shut before George thrust in one last time, thumbs and fingers digging in hard to his hips as he was pulled into the last motion, openly sobbing as George's head pressed into his prostate. "Fuck, oh *fuck* !" he whimpered feeling the brunet cum inside, shivering at the sensation and his body twitching around the other's dick.

Sapnap slowly pulled his hand away, bringing it up to gingerly lick the small spatters of cum away before shifting, pressing softer kisses to Dream's neck while George pulled out, the action making Dream hiss in discomfort and sensitivity. "Breathe for us, okay?" Sapnap whispered in his ear, soothingly rubbing his thumb across Dream's sternum, action slow and rhythmic, easy to follow along as Dream slowly worked his way down from frantic breaths to strained but even exhales.

George lined up on his other side, the bed a bit small for them all to lie on, but the shorter boy threw an arm over him, tucking in closer and pressing his nose into the blond's shoulder, exhaling long and slow. "There you go." he mumbled encouragingly, Dream making a face and moving to sit up, wincing at soreness and how his body shivered.

"We can move to my bedroom, it has a bigger bed and I won't have to worry about you two falling off while babying me." Dream said roughly after several long minutes, when most of the trembling in his limbs faded. He winced, rubbing at his throat briefly, feeling each bruise as he tried to soothe the stripped feeling in his throat. Sapnap snickered, sitting up with ease.

"Yeah but can you walk there?" he asked, not bothering to dignify the babying comment as George huffed, standing up a little bit shakier, Dream taking a fair bit of satisfaction from making the older boy have such a good orgasm that his legs were shaky.

"Of course," Dream said confidently, swinging to stand up and nearly tumbling over, blushing as he felt a trail of cum start to leak down his thigh "Okay, maybe I could use some help..." he admitted quickly, straightening his posture enough to let Sap come up on one side, a warm hand settling on his hip firmly but gently, avoiding the places he knew he would have bruises in the morning. "Thanks Sap."

The raven offered him a wide and easy going grin that Dream was beyond familiar with, softening slightly and returning the look with a familiar and goofy smile. Slowly they made their way down the hall, grateful for the short length as Dream was both taller and slightly heavier so it wasn't an easy task.

By the time they hobbled their way into Dream's larger bed George returned with some warm clean towels, leaning across the bed to kiss Sapnap chastely, grateful for the cheeky nip to his lips and groaning fondly. "You are such a brat," he complained mildly, a playful twinkle in his eye, "I could punish you, you know." George started to work a warm cloth over Dream's body, taking it slow and gentle as the blond still made soft and annoyed noises, clearly frustrated by how sensitive everything felt.

"Oh yeah? With what?" Sapnap teased back, rubbing his own cloth over Dream's neck, hardly lingering over the bruises but instead trying to wipe away any sweat that might have collected.

"You only came twice tonight, didn't you?" George asked rather suddenly, brown eyes boring into darker black ones that instantly caught the gist, Sapnap's expression forming into a pout. "That's what I thought." George couldn't help the smug tone that seeped in, amused by how quickly Sapnap's minor attitude fell off at the simple threat.

Dream snickered, settling further onto the bed as both sets of towels pulled away, leaving him briefly satisfied with the lack of stimulation, only mildly uncomfortable by the cold breeze that ran over his damn body. "Throw this on." Sapnap said, tossing Dream a loose pair of shorts after rifling through Dream's drawer. The blond rolled his eyes in faux annoyance, shuffling briefly before finally lying back down again.

Warm arms wrapped around his back, pulling him flush into Sapnap. He made a disgruntled noise that was easily silenced with teeth gently mouthing at the back of his shoulder, not biting down, but the sensation gave him pause. "C'mere. Stop fighting it so much Dream." the younger said gently in his ear, George flicking the lights off across the room and shuffling into bed with them, taking advantage of his shorter disposition and tucking into Dream's arms, humming happily.

"Fighting what?" Dream said coyly, George snorting in disbelief.

"You're an idiot. We like you too, have for a while. Never knew your opinion on dating more than one person, and there wasn't much interest beyond play comments while we all streamed." George said dismissively, looking up into green eyes that were more composed but still vulnerable. He guided one of Dream's hands to his face, smiling fondly at the soft pink glow that consumed freckled cheeks, leaning up to kiss the blond chastely, pulling away after a moment and moving his hand to be in a position to touch both boys, taking comfort in the warmth of their skin.

"You guys aren't messing with me, are you?" Dream asked, sounding rather small and making Sapnap pull him closer, exhaling softly and contently at the affection. "That would be mean if you were."

George made an amused sound deep in his throat, letting his hand rest on Dream's hip gently while shuffling closer. "It would be, good thing we're not joking then." Sapnap mumbled in his ear, breath fanning over it and making Dream shiver, less viscerally this time as he started to cool off and relax.

"You mean it?" He didn't mean to sound so vulnerable, but the disbelief that had been wracking him earlier making a reappearance, not as strong as before but still wanting to be addressed and assuaged.

The brunet sighed softly in fondness, kissing the hollow of Dream's throat tenderly, warm hands finally wrapping around him in acceptance. "Obviously." George reaffirmed, grateful for how tightly the other was holding him, clearly not going to let him go anytime soon.

"I'm glad this wasn't a one off thing." Dream admitted as all their breathing started to even out, tiredness seeping into every inch of muscle and flesh. "I don't know how I could have lived without you guys after finally getting everything I wanted."

Sapnap smiled against the back of his neck, lips pursing slightly before relaxing again, George humming fondly, content and being lulled to sleep with the warmth that was surrounding him. Even more satisfying was the broad chest he was tucked into to with tanned fingertips barely grazing his thighs, in contact with both of *his* boys who made him feel like he could do anything, finally over the shock that Dream liked them and able to bask in the warm glowy feeling of having them both like his possessive ass always wanted.

It was silent for a minute and George nearly was asleep when Dream opened his mouth to ask one more thing.

"So who takes your dick better, me or Sapnap." Sapnap laughed at that and George sighed, amused but poking the blond hard in the side, a soft whimper filling the room.

"My hand, now go the fuck to sleep."

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo hope y'all enjoyed the ending to this, which was supposed to be short, but now is fucking huge like everything I write. :eyeroll: Anywho, thanks everybody for reading, leaving comments, and kudos. This story has over 1000 kudos, like oh my god y'all are insane. To add onto that, and my growing ego, I also hit 100,000 freaking hits

last week, rn we're coasting at 110,000 so really y'all thanks for all the support.

Oh, and if anybody wanted to follow me on twitter for any reason, my @ is SmutAndSimping : P

Hope some of y'all will stick around for my Georgenap works. I'm highkey about to hit a Georgenap kick sooo watch out for that.

Anyways, thanks again so much y'all for reading and spending your time here. <333

Extra after the last line, but I didn't wanna ruin my word count:

"What? Why?"

"My hand doesnt make me beat them into submission," Sapnap laughed louder, George looking over the blond sandwiched between them to meet mirthful black eyes, "Or make me work so hard to make it listen before I fuck it."

It was silent. "Ouch."

Punishment

Chapter Summary

Dream wants to make a bet, and Sapnap really should have known better. In the end, it's up to George to set his boys straight.

“The bet, you’re on.” midnight eyes threw a look over his shoulder, something tickling the edges of his expression that Dream thought looked familiar but couldn’t place why. “And when I win, you’re going to wish you never took this bet.”

A warm rush, this time hot with years of friendship and competitive nature, filled his bones, a smirk crossing his face as he caught up with the shorter in a few easy strides. “Funny, I was going to say that to you.” Dream remarked, flopping on the couch with ease, taking the far right seat as Sapnap lied on the other end, leaving George in the center.

Chapter Notes

Woaaaaah an update for this? Surprise surprise. I honestly have a few ideas for a chapter or two in this series, but I make zero promises on when they will ever get added, because every chapter in this work seems to be over 10k and that's a lot to write tbh. Anyways, hope you enjoy and I'll see you all at the bottom!!! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You wanna make a bet?”

It had started innocently enough. He and Dream were all hanging out, waiting for George to finish his own speed running stream before they all settled in for a movie. It had been quiet for the last few minutes, something Sapnap should have known meant the blond was thinking, which hardly ever bode well for him. Sure enough, pink lips that had been pursed while grey-green eyes stared at his phone in mock concentration finally parted, the same expression directed at him as he asked that question.

Sapnap would be lying if he said he wasn’t interested in some type of bet, they both were terribly

competitive, to a fault some might even say. Midnight eyes glimmered, peering over the top of a well loved book that's edges were fraying and even starting to yellow, holding it in place enough to cover the sly grin that played at the edges of his mouth and only giving the blond his eyes to work with.

“What kind of bet?” Sappnap asked curiously, only slightly surprised with how eager his voice sounded. What didn't surprise him was the hungry smile that leapt to Dream's lips, curling up enough to look smug but just enough restraint to keep his eyes relaxed, timid even. *As if he could ever be timid.* Sappnap thought as the boy moved from his stomach to sit up, but resting on one ankle and the heel of his other foot flat against the wooden floor that was always warm, cold weather or hot.

“One where we see who actually can take George's dick better.” He said brashly, even if the words were uttered in a quiet voice, trying to avoid the older hearing them despite every room in Dream's new home, thankfully, being soundproofed.

The shock of the words only lasted a moment before Sappnap snorted, the sound rushing up his throat and out his nose as he let the book dip down, holding the sound back for another moment before laughing. Green eyes stared at him hard, pale but tanned legs quickly making their way across the room towards him while Sappnap gathered himself with a sly grin, lips peeking at the corners enough to reveal both canines and dimples. “You really are caught up on that huh?” He asked, dog earring a page and placing it to the side as the significantly taller man eased onto his lap, warmth spreading across his thighs.

Dream at least had the decency to look abashed at that, a soft flush of pink building underneath freckled cheeks, Sappnap just barely resisting the urge to reach up and brush across the skin to see if he was as warm as the color indicated. Instead he let his hands rest on either side of the blond's hips, thumbs gently gliding under the hem of the boy's shirt to press against skin there. “It's not that.” He protested immediately, green eyes still intense and set on his own midnight colored eyes, searching for something that he found, the sly grin softening to something more shy, warmer. Unlike Dream, but it was enough to fool Sappnap into letting him continue. “Don't you wanna know who he likes to fuck better?” The words were soft, sensual even, Sappnap shivering as Dream leaned forward, planting his elbows on either side of Sappnap's head fingertips teasing that the fringes of black hair. “Don't you wanna hear it? That I'm better than you?” Lips teased at the shell of his ear, enough to make his fingertips dig hard into freckled hips and skin, a strained breath passing through his chest.

“What makes you so sure he would say you, Dream?” Sappnap asked, sounding breathier than he would have liked, onyx eyes set on a patch of skin that was swept just below the slightly older boy's shirt, the color ‘marred’ by fading patches of purple and yellow, some he knew belonged to him and others to George. Sappnap relaxed his grip on Dream's hips, breathing out purposefully along the patch of skin, delighting in the shiver, slight as it was, that raced through the blond. There was something satisfying about the blond being so easy, so sensitive. “Wouldn't you think it's me? I know everything he likes, how to make it better for him...” He couldn't help but let his

tongue dart past his lips at the end of his sentence, pressing the warm and wet muscle to the boy's neck, letting it sit for only a moment before pulling away to blow on the wet skin, the shiver he got more visceral before the blond pulled back enough to be out of reach of Sapnap's mouth, cheeks significantly more pink.

"That's not-" Dream tried to protest, either the fact Sapnap had said or to state he wasn't being fair by kissing and teasing. Ultimately, Sapnap wasn't interested in whatever response he was *going* to say and instead leaned up, the light fingers that had been teasing his hair nowhere fast enough to catch him, and pressed their lips together heatedly. Dream let out a noise of frustration, urging his hands to pull at raven hair to get some space, losing his thoughts when Sapnap's teeth nipped at his bottom lip, worrying the sensitive flesh until his freckled hands rested on the younger's shoulders, digging in and gasping pleasantly, squirming and writhing at the sensation, green eyes finally fluttering shut at the sensations. It felt like forever before Sapnap finally pulled away with a smug expression, one Dream wanted to knock off his face and bring into another kiss, lips shiny with spit as Dream panted shallowly, eyes furrowed in annoyance.

"You two sure look like you're having fun." A new, but familiar, voice called from the doorway. A pair of black eyes slid over to the entrance way of the living room, George leaning against the wall with crossed arms, almost looking displeased if not for the fond smile that was planted firmly on pretty lips.

Sapnap barked a short laugh at that, pulling his hands off Dream's hips, missing the warmth beneath his palms, leaning forward until his head rested on the taller's shoulder while staring warmly at the brunet. "A bit, while we were waiting." He answered, quirking an eyebrow. "That's not breaking any rules now is it?" He asked, eyebrow raising as his hands found their home on Dream's back, smile just edging on too cheeky.

Dream tried to pull away, not so much panic as much as his displeasure for George's type of punishment urging his hands to settle on Sapnap's sternum, thumbs carded up towards the sky and palms flat as he gave a gentle push that was promptly ignored, instead warm lips pressing to his neck teasingly.

A second pair of hands ran through his hair approvingly, gentle even if there was a slight tug at the end of each stroke that made his heart thud and eyes blink at the mauve leather in front of his eyes. He let the hurried pressing on Sapnap's chest pause, instead tangling into the fabric of his shirt as George's lips pressed to the other side of his neck, teeth scraping along his skin hard enough to make him shiver. "No, as long as neither of you got off, no rules were broken." George finally muttered warmly in his rapidly pinkening ears, nipping the skin hard and making Dream fist the front of Sapnap's shirt hard, eliciting two pairs of laughter before George pulled away.

"C'mon Dream, hop off." Sapnap encouraged, letting his arms fall away, the sudden rush of cold, or rather lack of warmth, making the blond hiss in annoyance, shifting back enough to stare hard

into a smug face and pearly white teeth. “We gotta make popcorn and something for the movie.”

Dream sneered, standing up and just holding back a wince at the warm throb between his legs, not entirely hard but enough to be uncomfortable. Still, he willed his long legs to move, taking a few strenuous steps back so the shorter and younger boy could stand, a similar problem under his sweats but not looking half as bothered by it. *Probably used to it at this point.* Dream surprised, taking a deep breath as he looked toward George whose expression was teetering on the cusp of sadistic, *What a surprise* .

“I’ll go make the popcorn, Sap, you and Dream can pick the movie...” His voice trailed off, looking thoughtful. “But nothing too long, there’s a few things I want to do after the movie.” The glint in brown eyes, hungry and meaningful, made it hard to misinterpret the meaning. Dream smirked, ready to make a sarcastic remark when familiar hands trailed into his hair, tugging lightly but making him pause, stopping to turn and face the shorter boy who held a warning expression. Before Dream could collect himself the brunet already walked down the hall, already knowing the younger was going to try and be cheeky and instead just moving onto his task and leaving his boys to theirs.

“You’re on.” Sapnap said suddenly, letting blond locks fall from his fingertips and stepping away with a friendly grin, none of the smug expression remaining. In its stead, something more competitive, determined. At the brief puzzled expression, Sapnap snorted, crouching by the TV to grab a remote, already padding his way to the other room where their television was set up. “The bet, you’re on.” midnight eyes threw a look over his shoulder, something tickling the edges of his expression that Dream thought looked familiar but couldn’t place why. “And when I win, you’re going to wish you never took this bet.”

A warm rush, this time hot with years of friendship and competitive nature, filled his bones, a smirk crossing his face as he caught up with the shorter in a few easy strides. “Funny, I was going to say that to you.” Dream remarked, flopping on the couch with ease, taking the far right seat as Sapnap lied on the other end, leaving George in the center.

Sapnap chortled quietly, head tossed to the ceiling briefly before a look of concern crossed his features, staring at Dream seriously. “One condition, George can’t know about the bet. Otherwise he’ll probably drag it on or not choose at all.” There was another reason that Sapnap didn’t feel particularly inclined to share. He knew how George felt about bets, especially about their sex life, but this was different. This was somebody who was part of their relationship, not outside, so making a bet wasn’t technically a violation of privacy... *But is it still at his expense ?* Sapnap shoved the thoughts aside quickly. So long as he and Dream could keep their mouth shut, George would never know about the bet and so there was no way for either of them to really get in trouble or break a rule. “Got it?”

Dream grinned in satisfaction, moving quickly to shake Sapnap’s hand, despite it not being

extended, as he heard footsteps making their way down the hall. “Got it.” He then pulled back, staring warmly into brown eyes that looked suspicious, a blue bowl held between his palms. “We’re still looking, how long is too long?” Dream asked as Sapnap smirked at him, George missing the expression as he settled between the two, offering an answer with ease that Sapnap raced to find on the TV.

George narrowed his eyes suspiciously at the smirk Dream threw Sapnap’s way, teeth just peeking past plump and kiss bitten lips, something hidden yet shameless in bright green eyes. Something about it made his skin crawl and an itch to wipe the bold expression off the smug blond’s face.

“What’s that about?” He opted to ask instead, hands stalling over the younger’s forearm, fingertips just barely sinking into warm white cloth. Green eyes flit back to his own dark ones, the smile losing the smug edge as he then made an attempt to smile politely. *At Least he’s learning.* George thought to himself begrudgingly. There was a certain... delight he got from training Dream as much as he did. The blond was too rash, too thoughtless with the words he said and it made for a good opportunity to punish him in ways that Sapnap either couldn’t handle or was used to not falling into unless he was looking for trouble. Still, the playful glint in Dream’s eyes that didn’t fade away entirely screamed at him that there was something going on that he didn’t know about.

Lips pressed to his forehead, playful green orbs staring down at him. “Just feeling good knowing my present for you will be better than Sapnap’s.” He answered, not bothering to turn around at the indignant sound Sapnap made, instead grinning wider at George while leaning into the hand on his forearm, sinking in with delight.

He’s not telling the truth. George surmised easily, rubbing his thumb over the white fabric of Dreams’ meshy long sleeve that clung to his arms, the touch heavy enough to cause a slight shiver to roll through the blond. *Suspicious.* “How are you so sure?” He asked, quirked a defined brow to question the just-short of smug boy, teeth showing at his careful smile, stepping closer until he was sitting on the arm of the couch with Dream’s arm now gently placed on his lap so he could stare down at the blond who was forced to sit in the cushion from the angle, a gentle dusting of pink gracing freckled cheeks while midnight black eyes watched with rapt attention from the opposite end of the couch.

A nervous laugh fell from the younger boy’s lips, almost breathless as socked feet rested lightly on his own lap. He looked back up to the brunet, the rush of color growing as the older continued to stare down at him with a waiting, patient, smirk on his face, free hand rising to run through unruly brown strands. “Because I’m always the best. In fact, I’m a *genius* and know you so well that there’s no way mine *won’t* be better than Sapnap’s.”

The other two barked out loud laughs at the response, George sliding his hand up to Dream’s shoulder, thumbing the front of his shirt before letting thin fingers tangle into neat and, sadly, shorter blond hairs that were almost too short to pull. He nearly snorted at the way green eyes glazed over slightly, leaning into his warm hand almost too eagerly. “You are terribly cute, but a

genius is a bit of a stretch don't you think?" He taunted lightly, tempted to tug at the blond's hair.

Dream smirked, full of smugness as he leaned further into the brunet's hand, shivering at the thumb that just barely reached the edge of his cheek. "Eh, I don't think it's much of a *stretch* at all."

George's eyes rolled as Sapnap's darkened with desire, snickering at the tone used. "You two are insufferable." He surmised just as quickly, moving to straddle the blond, reaching out towards the raven with his free hand, threading his hand through raven hair gently. "That's all it takes? A bad sex joke and petting? What are you, cats?"

Sapnap leaned into the shorter's open palm ardently, a teasing smile already on pink lips that were angled at him. "Meow." He said in a deadpan voice, lips turning up more as the hand on his cheek slid up more, fingers gingerly threading into black hair only to tug hard once, face contorting at the pain while those fingers rubbed gentle circles onto his scalp.

"You are such a fucking brat." George said fondly, brushing his thumb over Dream's cheek as the younger whined when brown eyes flit away to stare in fond disapproval at the raven haired boy. "'Meow'?" He taunted, scrunching loose black locks between pale fingers, thumbing the blonds' cheeks again. "Be careful, I might actually make you keep doing that if you aren't careful." The words were tinged in sarcasm, but something flickered in brown eyes that promised followup on the threat, enough that despite the pit of warmth that grew in Sapnap's stomach at the idea, he leaned into the threatening fingers with an overly eager smile.

"Yes sir." Sapnap practically purred, laying it on just thick enough for the brunet to narrow his eyes surreptitiously, half tempted to tug again until lips pressed to the inside of his other wrist, drawing his gaze back to meet the needy and, unfortunately, pouting green eyes waiting for him.

"Dream." He started off firmly, watching the way the mentioned boy's shoulders tensed and eyebrows furrowed in something just short of frustration, a harsh huff warming his wrist where lips had now left. "You know better than you pout just because you aren't the center of my fucking attention." Truthfully, George didn't swear as much as the pair made it out to be, but sometimes it was terribly effective, and especially so on the blond who had the decency to look cowed, green eyes flitting away from the other two. *Well that won't do.* George thumbed over Sapnap's cheek warmly before pulling his hand away to cup the other side of Dream's jaw, digging in hard enough to get green eyes back on his and elicit a startled gasp, pink lips parting at the sound. "Dream, are you trying to piss me off?" George asked gently, releasing the pressure on the younger's jaw and shifting further, no longer leaning his weight on the blond and instead rising to his knees that cradled the other.

"No." Dream was quick to answer, quickly turning embarrassed by the older's ease at pressing the right buttons to make him soft and pliant. He spared a glance at Sapnap who was smirking like a

hunter, shifting closer to them but not touching quite yet, simply watching and waiting, Dream's lips wanting to curl at the smug expression until fingertips dug back into his cheeks, harder than before, shuddering and returning his attention to George where impatient brown eyes met him.

George sighed in disappointment, dropping his hands down to the boy's freckled neck, thumbs on either side and resting against tender skin to feel the blond's fluttering heart beat. "Well you are doing a great job at doing it without even trying." He said, tone cold and sharp, letting the fingernails on his other fingers gently press against the soft skin of Dream's neck, relishing in the way a defined neck tensed beneath them. George smiled wryly, eyebrow raising as he pressed his thumbs in gently, the soft gasp and shuffling thighs that were shortly followed by a soft whine giving him power high, dropping the pressure in an instant just to watch pink lips part for a louder whine to follow, needy.

"You are so easy Dream." Sappnap commented from his right, a gentle husk to his voice while resting a heavy palm on the blond's still shaking thighs, squeezing the denim clad thighs hard and watching him exhale hard. "A little mean touches..." Sappnap let go, rubbing the lightly abused flesh tenderly, humming at the small tremble. "And some sweet ones, and you just fall apart."

At this, teeth bared, green eyes flicking away from brown ones that held him captive to stare heatedly into smug and warm midnight colored ones. "Shut up." He hissed harshly, nearly sneering. "You act like you're any bet-" He was cut off by thumbs pressing in hard to the hollows of his throat, eyes rolling slightly as he blinked hard and drew in a harsh breath, surprised by the sensation. The thumbs gently rubbed away, leaving him gasping for another breath as a warm pink grew over his freckled cheeks.

"Oh *darling* ." George cooed as Dream refocused his attention back to him, thumbing the boy's neck again while leaning in to press a soft kiss to parted lips, feeling more than hearing the soft whine he got in response to the pet name and grinning before pulling away. "He is better than you." At this Sappnap puffed up in his peripheral, easily seeing the grin widen on tanned features. "He doesn't act like a complete bitch just to get fucked, he knows how to ask nicely like a good boy." The tremble he could see easily in the youngest's form made him hum in approval, not wanting either of their ego's to get too high. *They can be exhausting sometimes.* "And he isn't wrong, you are wonderfully easy to rile up." Green eyes returning to pouting, less hurt and more offended even as he grinned.

"Still, you don't have to say it." Dream protested lightly, shivering as Sappnap's hand dug hard into his leg, closer to his knee but still hard enough to make his eyes screw shut and try to squirm under the brunet. "Ow." Dream muttered softly, thumbs digging back into his neck and making his vision spin again, breathing out harshly and whining low in his throat. Only now did he bring his hands up to rest on George's thighs, wrapping around the top easily considering how small the older boy was, gripping slightly as a smug grin and wry eyes watched him struggle at the sensation with fascination.

After another trembling breath George let go of the pressure, diving in quickly to steal his quick inhale, teeth nipping hard at his bottom lip to push past them once Dream gasped. *God damnit.* The blond thought, nearly delirious already while a forceful and familiar tongue pressed into his mouth, flicking around his teeth to wrap around his own eager tongue, melting into the warm touch that traveled up his neck to thread into his short hair. *I am easy.* Dream thought in minor annoyance, gasping hard into George's mouth when Sapnap's hands squeezed hard on his upper thighs, closer to his quickly hardening cock. In the same instant George's fingers tugged hard on his hair, white dotting his vision while the lips on his own grinned, ruthlessly pressing his tongue in deeper until Dream was certain the other was fucking his throat with it, nearly gagging while letting green eyes roll back. He tapped hard against the brunet's thigh when his lungs started to burn, eyes stinging under closed eyelids.

George pulled away with a chuckle, swiping his tongue across the younger's once more and leaving a gentle nip on bruised lips before looking down to admire dazed green eyes, thumbing soft pink cheeks. "See what I mean?" He asked, voice husky with desire and arousal, fondness bursting through his chest at the soft noise, indistinguishable in intent, that the blond made while leaning into the warm touch on his face. "You're just lucky it's very cute, isn't he Sap?" George glanced over his shoulder to meet warm cheeks and needy black eyes, hands twitching in greed.

"Yeah." The youngest rasped, not missing the way brown eyes nearly became swallowed by a pitch black pupil that gleamed in hunger, nearly whining himself. "Am I cute too George?" He asked teasingly, allowing the slightest bit of teasing to touch his lips, eyeing the pale hand that moved to cup his cheek warmly while still tugging him closer and closer until he could feel the older's warm breath fanning over his face.

"Of course you are, pretty boy." George cooed, angling his face to prolong the moments before their lips met, repressing a smirk at the way black brows furrowed together and midnight eyes nearly begged. "So pretty and cute for me." He whispered before tugging him into a kiss, not even needing to nip at Sapnap's lips as they parted easily for him, humming happily at the eager submission. He rubbed a thumb hard over Sapnap's cheek bone, smirking at the soft gasp he got, knowing the action was likely just short of painful, pressing his tongue in and tipping the raven's head back, giving himself better access as the sweetest whimper coiled in his ears. "So fucking good for me aren't you Sapnap?" George hissed against the younger's lips, grip tight on his jaw when a soft whine fell free from him and the younger leaned up to try and prolong the kiss, hunger running rampant through his stomach at the way both of his boys, *his*, leaned into every touch and action so eagerly.

"Yeah." Sapnap answered quickly, eyes dark and molten as he swallowed thickly, tongue just parting past to wet his lips, nearly smug at the way brown eyes watched with heated interest. "Always so good for you George, I li-" The hand on his chin easily swept downward to press against the hollow of his throat, pressing hard for only a moment, cutting him off effectively while lips just out of his reach grinned against him.

"I don't recall asking you to speak that much Sap." George mumbled in soft chastisement, thumb

brushing over skin tenderly before pulling back to admire flushed cheeks with satisfaction.

“Sorry George.” He muttered quickly, glancing away to meet warm green eyes that held something smug and playful, lips tipped up at the edges and making him want to pull blond hair until all hints fell away and only left a mess. Still, he dragged his gaze back to George, trying to look repentant while letting himself lean into the warm hand cupping his neck, blinking slowly.

Sure enough George leaned forward to kiss his forehead tenderly, something warmer and softer than the lust in his stomach pooling at the affection, dark lashes fluttering briefly. “Good boy.” George affirmed, thumbing at his skin again before moving to stand up, something wry in his eyes despite the clear and obvious bulge at the front of his pants. “I have to finish some coding for our video later, so be good and patient, no touching or cumming.” Dream was the first to try and offer a response, a complaint, foggy green eyes clearing up with clear offense and swollen lips parting with a frown. Harsh brown eyes flit quickly to blond even as a soft noise of complaint swelled in Sapnap’s chest. “If you manage to be good, I’ll reward you both...maybe I’ll even suck your cock Dream.” Green eyes widened, mouth closing before parting for a different reason, desire and need growing across freckled features. “But if you disappoint me,” Sapnap nearly flinched at the word, flexing his hands at his side hard, “I promise neither of you will cum for a week.” Dream gaped hard, shifting his own palms away from his thighs where a prominent hard on pressed at the front of his jeans, running them to fix his mused hair. “Got it, brat?” This was addressed mostly to Dream, but the short glance towards his direction made Sapnap hum low in his throat.

“Yes Sir.” They replied at the same time, relief and affection filling their chests at the pleased smile George made before making his way back to the office, leaving them hard and to their own devices for what would be several hours.

“Fuck.” Sapnap cried out brokenly, jaw slack as Dream leaned over to press a firm kiss to his neck, teeth scraping against skin hard enough to make his vision white out, but nowhere near painful. A demanding tug on his hair forced his dark eyes to reopen, eyes shiny with unshed tears as he forced himself to look back into George’s eyes, shuddering at the intense look the brunet managed to make despite having Sapnap’s cock buried in his throat. Sapnap nearly thrashed at the way the older lazily worked his tongue over him, laving at the tip slow and hard enough to make him yell out sharply, breath catching when a pale finger crooked inside him, purposefully avoiding his prostate. “George, please.” He begged easily, shame long gone in his desire for relief.

Brown eyes twinkled in mirth, sucking languidly and making Sapnap throw his head back into plush pillows with a near sob, George’s finger just barely grazing his prostate, cock twitching in the brunet’s mouth. “Sapnap.” Dream groused in his ear, teeth skimming the sensitive skin while letting his tongue flit across briefly. “You’re so fucking pretty like this.” As tenderly as the older boy may have meant them, they still felt like poison dripping into his ears, forcing a stormy expression and opening his mouth to tease the blond when lips and a warm tongue connected to his ear lobe, the heat making his breath catch painfully in his chest, fisting the bed frame with desperate fingers. Before he could truly revel in the heat Dream pulled back off with a chuckle. “So desperate instead of smug, it’s a good look for you Pandas.” Not that Sapnap had much of a response, George mercifully pulling off his cock to crook his two fingers hard onto Sapnap’s

prostate, grinning at the way the raven tensed and arched on the bed, shouting loud enough to feel a strain in his throat at the volume before falling boneless onto the bed again when they moved away, leaving him gasping hard on the bed.

“George.” Sapnap whined, leaning into the way Dream’s palm cradled his chin carefully, tentatively, but still rubbing at his skin softly with reassurance. “Please, I can’t.” He tried, still keeping his face on Dream’s hand while leaning up to look into mocking brown eyes, something in his chest already shaking at the expression.

“You can’t?” George asked teasingly, shifting his weight onto his knees and then leaning over the raven, moving until his face hung right above Sapnap’s while admiring the way dark eyes were watery and glassy even with tears, at how he only seemed able to let out soft and short pants instead of deep breaths. “Can’t what, wait?” An eager nod made him smirk, resting his hand on top of Dream’s and the other brushing carelessly over the younger’s lips, nearly laughing at how they parted eagerly, tongue pressing flat to make space. “God you are such a whore.” He muttered softly, forcing his fingers in to rest lightly on Sapnap’s tongue. “You really want to cum already?” George returned to the previous point, cock twitching on the younger’s stomach watching black eyes struggle to stay open with the heavy weight pressing on his tongue. *God I want to fucking ruin him.* George flicked his gaze to Dream who, despite the patient motion in his limbs, held an overly eager expression at George’s stare, perking up in moments. *Both of them...* He wanted to sigh, displeased by the way exhaustion settled into his bones and muscles, knowing he didn’t have the stamina to get to do everything he wanted to both of them tonight.

“Please George, I’ve been good.” Sapnap whined around the fingers in his mouth, careful to avoid letting his teeth press against the appendages and sounding muffled, slurred even, in his endeavors. That alone made George smile wryly, pressing his fingers in until they just met the back of the raven’s throat, forcing a choked moan and whine while midnight eyes flit closed, shallow breathing brushing over his knuckles while he simply waited for them to reopen, only moving his fingers back when fingers rapped hard against the headboard. “Please.”

“You really are needy tonight aren’t you?” He teased, sliding his fingers across the younger’s tongue while thumbing Dream’s hand gently. “Can’t even wait long enough for me to get my mouth on Dream can you?” A rapid but careful shake made him laugh hard, wanting to make the sound more cruel but instead fond. “You really are so pathetic sometimes Sap.” George pressed his fingers in just to listen to the raspy and overwhelmed moan, groaning softly while rolling his hips forward into Sapnap’s stomach, the friction only barely taking the edge off.

A muffled sound around his fingers, hardly even decipherable as English at this point, made George crook his fingers down the boy’s throat, pressing just enough to make Sapnap thrash and his bound hands tugged at the head board where they were strung up. Sapnap whined loudly, teeth now grazing George’s knuckles as he took raspy and shallow breaths through his nose, eyes watering considerably before shutting them with a shaky sob, tensing and relaxing quickly as he leaned hard into the hand on his face. “Fuck.” Dream muttered softly, thumbing stubbled cheeks delicately to avoid pressing into George’s fingers that were in the raven’s mouth. He usually was

on the receiving end of George's teasing, he had yet to see Sapnap fall apart so utterly, black lashes wet with tears that seemed ready to fall but were waiting for the last push. The way his limbs trembled with obvious effort and practice that kept him from moving too much, but also trained that if he did need to move or writhe to not do it in a way that dislodged George. *He's so... impressive.* There were not many words Dream could find to describe the sight, thumbing again and stiffening with a harsh breath when wet black eyes and lashes fluttered in his direction briefly, too overwhelmed to keep them open long.

"He's so pretty isn't he, Dream?" George finally asked, turning his heated gaze to Dream, noting with delight how blown the blond's eyes were just from watching. For as easily as Sapnap gave in and how hard Dream fought against submitting, he fell into subspace so easily. *These two are gonna be the death of me.* George thought to himself, instead of reaching to the blond's face he settled to glide his fingers across the boy's hand and circle his wrist firmly with his hand, grinning smugly at the way Dream's eyes took a hooded look, shoulders relaxing slightly.

"He is." Dream finally answered, blinking the haze that clung to the edges of his vision, pressing and soft like cotton, inviting and warm.

"He is." George mocked at the simple answer, digging his nails, short as they were, into the blond's wrist and watching as he tried to flinch back but unable to thanks to his firm grip. *Still so far to go.* "You can do better than that Dreamie." A few harsh taps on wood had George pulling slick fingers back to rest on the tip of Sapnap's tongue while heavy and shuttery breaths filled the room in sync with a needy sound.

Dream swallowed and blinked hard, but slow, at the gouges being made in his wrist, muscles still twitching in desire to pull away at the pain and tugging. "He is so pretty." He started, swallowing hard and nearly shouting at the nails digging in harder. "Taking you so well, begging, just- OW!" He stopped hard and writhed as George twisted his arm and dug in harder, lashes dampening and eyes glazing at the pain. "I-"

"You both are seriously so pathetic." George sneered, letting the blond's wrist go and watching with minor distaste as he quickly pulled his arm back to his chest, rubbing the area gently. "I have one brat that doesn't know how to leave compliments, and the other who's so greedy." He sighed in disapproval, pressing his fingers back down Sapnap's mouth, smiling softly for the brief moment as a tongue gently flicked at the base of his fingers despite a disgruntled whimper, turning to face the blond who watched with cautious eyes. "What am I going to do with the both of you?" At this he raised an eyebrow, curious to see how Dream would react, eyeing a flushed freckled chest and cheeks, green eyes watching him with desire that would be impossible to mask.

"Fuck us?" Dream offered shyly, hesitantly enough to make a warm laugh creep into George's chest, reaching out to pull Dream into a kiss, full of teeth despite willingly open lips, opting to tug and pull at tender flesh until hands pressed meekly to his chest and pained whimpers fell into his

mouth.

“Cute.” George answered simply, pulling his fingers out of Sappnap’s throat, wiping some on the raven’s lips to leave a shiny sheen. “Thinking you can ask such things, have you already forgotten our first rule, Dream?” It had been a while and, most of the time, was a joke. Still, it had its uses, and with how the blond shuddered hard in his grasp, had yet to be forgotten. “Want to say it aloud for us Darling?”

Dream swallowed hard again, glancing to Sappnap where he let out a soft cough, swallowing as well but heated dark eyes watching intensely. “I don’t get to make demands...” He finally muttered, voice soft and leaning into the grip on his chin as it turned gentle. It had been maybe 2 months since the first time Sappnap and George had fucked him, but they had learned rather quickly how eager he was for contact, melting into any warm touches and caresses they gave him, even if he knew pain would follow after. George in particular liked catching Dream off guard with it where Sappnap liked to mock him for the easy displayed submission, often teasing with a smirk that would only twist Dream’s stomach more.

“That’s right, and what did you just do?” George asked curiously, still keeping his touch light and kind, biding his time while green eyes continued to grow more glassy and soft, the taller but lean boy turning more pliant by the moment.

“But you ask-” He cut off with a loud cry as fingertips dug hard under his jaw, eyes shutting as familiar pain spurt across his vision, leaning away only for slick fingers to rest on the other side of his face, nearly slipping as they also dug in near his ear and sending him shaking. “Ow, sorry I demanded something!” He said quickly, panting and whimpering at the dull ache that filled him when George once again relaxed his grip, thumbing the area teasingly just to make more sparks of pain spread across his vision.

“You are so fucking bratty, and for what?” Fingers danced lightly across his jaw, foreboding filling every nerve in his body. “Just for me to dig in here.” Dream shouted with a curse on his lips, hands wrapping around George’s lips and clinging like a lifeline while shutting his eyes to avoid the smug and knowing smirk on pretty lips and deceptively pretty face. “And have you turn into putty? It would be admirable if you weren’t so predictable.” Sappnap made a soft and indistinguishable sound behind him, an idea hitting him and causing a warm coil to burn in his gut. “Atleast you are a good fuck...” He lets his hands trail down freckled skin, taking his time and watching skin twitch under his fingertips with nearly sadistic glee, pausing at the thin waist of the blond, somewhat smug at the memory of finding out Dream was, somehow, more of a ‘twink’ than he was with an hourglass-like shape. He gently wrapped his fingers around the boy’s waist, squeezing firmly and drinking in the hitched breath while a blond head rested on his shoulder, soft puffs of air warming him and short strands of hair tickling his neck.

“Yeah?” Dream breathed out, already sounding half fucked out despite the little contact he’d gotten

all night. If it weren't so endearing perhaps he would have chuckled and shook his head, maybe even had some mercy for the blond and let him get off first instead of Sapnap who begged so perfectly and even stayed still to take whatever George gave him.

"Looking for compliments too, Dreamie?" He teased instead, shifting his hands down until he was able to pin the younger boy's hips to the bed, shifting their position until the blond lied on his back on the bed, Sapnap rolling to his elbows to watch with keen interest. Now he did take some pity as Dream's expression turned mixed, something glimmering behind the pleasant fog that took up most of shiny green pools, smirking fondly and running his dry hand through short blond strands, missing the former length that was easier to tug. "But yes, you are a good little toy..." He paused, humming delicately before continuing. "A perfect little toy just for me, you take my cock and fingers so well I sometimes want to leave you strung up for days..." He leaned in, nibbling rapidly reddening ears. "A perfect little cock slut, just for me."

Of all the things George expected to hear, a triumphant laugh and cocky smile behind glazed eyes was not one of them, confused as the blond turned to look at Sapnap whose expression was quickly going from sour to horrified. *What is going on?*

"I win." Dream gloated even as Sapnap tugged hard at his binds, obviously wanting to shut the blond up as his own cheeks turned red. Suspicion, hard and cold, grew in George's gut, starting to piece together the several looks from the last week, even the rather nice behavior of Dream starting to be brought into focus.

"Dream, shut up." Sapnap hissed as if he wasn't right there, hands still on pale hips, thumbs resting on the hollows between bones, watching as Dream's smile turn more into a smirk as he shifted, nearly knocking George off, reaching with a large hand to rest on George's hip to steady him.

"I told you I would win Sapnap." The blond pushed forward recklessly, looking too smug, and Sapnap too petrified as black eyes flit to his calm, placid brown ones, similar to the surface of a lake. Goosebumps rose across Sapnap's skin, knowing they already were fucked and groaning in annoyance, shivering while rolling to his back.

"Win what, exactly, Dream?" George finally interrupted, watching as a look of realization flashed across freckled features, immediately losing the cocky edge and turning more flustered. As the silence dragged on it became clear that he was looking for some excuse. *That won't do.* Without any hesitation he dug his thumbs in hard on Dream's hips, slotting between bone and pressing hard into soft flesh, humming softly as the blond shouted and writhed below him, George simply pressing his thighs closer together to stay on top, holding the pressure until a meek sob fell from bitten lips. "I asked you a question, Dream."

"A bet." Dream said, and suddenly the stricken expression Sapnap had made sense. George's body

went stiff as he turned to look at the raven who was pointedly avoiding him, something akin to rage, but also close to amusement, rolled through him. *The death of me.*

“And what was this bet?” There was a slight twitch at his lips, one that was met by wobbling lips from the blond. The silence stretched for a second longer before George sighed, the sound tired and tense, thumbs rubbing into where bruises were already forming, the action making Dream tense hard beneath him.

“A bet on who would take your dick better.” Dream rushed to say, green eyes losing their fog, in their stead panic and confusion filling them, any glimpses of smugness wiped away. *Its a good look on him.* Brown eyes slanted away from the near stricken blond to (attach) to Sapnap’s still form, hands no longer pulling at the ropes that held his wrists to the bed and instead letting his fingers, twitching as they were, hand loosely around the ties, sagging as if he were already worn out. “I-”

“So I’ll take it that Sapnap didn’t instigate the bet?” George, despite the growing flame in his stomach, managed to keep his voice level, soft even, only mildly annoyed as the youngest still refused to look at him, his answer coming in the form of colors cheeks and writhing skin.

“I did.” Dream answered with an edge of pain to his voice, breath catching in a lower lilt. It took a second before George realized he had slowly started to dig his thumbs back into the freckled boy’s hips, covering the lapse in concentration with gentle rubs, lighter than before but still enough to feel skin crawl beneath.

At this George pursed his lips, still rubbing onto bruised skin thoughtfully as he breathing slowed. “So you wanted to make a bet, and instead of discouraging you, or telling you what happened the last time he a bet like this, Sapnap accepted your bet?” This time the cold in his voice was easy to hear, muscles tensing beneath his thighs and even Sapnap shifted to his side, turning slightly to stare at George apologetically. *Too late for that one.* “That is really unfortunate for you Dream, maybe Sapnap should have let you know before you both got in trouble.” He sighed, the barest hints of a smile pressing at the corner of his lips. “But I should have also told you there is a very specific rule about cheating, so part of the blame is on me.” He suppressed a yawn that boiled in his chest and stretched his jaw, breathing it out through his nose. “It’s already been a long night, so how about I take it easy tonight since part of it was my fault?” The room was so silent a pin could have been dropped and heard, and that alone was music to the brunet’s ears, stilling his thumbs to rise higher on his knees, stretching all his height available to loom over the guilt parties. “Sap, you’re going to get that harsher end of this punishment, but you already knew that now didn’t you pretty boy?”

George slid brown eyes closed and sighed softly at the whine that came from Sapnap, reaching out blindly to press a hand, somewhat small but warm, to the raven’s hip, the touch gentle but Sapnap still flinched. That alone made a bright and heated coil curl around his cock. “George, I-” Now he

dug his fingers in cruelly, squeezing until the boy gasped and writhed, words choked in his throat even as he tried to speak them. "I'm, Ahh, sorry. I shou-ngh! Please?" At the last word he let up, not bothering to rub the pain out like he did for the blonde, brown eyes trained on the raven's heaving chest.

"I know, and that's why I'm going easy on you both tonight, even if you are getting punished more, and that's because you already know better don't you?" Once again his answer was silence, but this time it was acceptable. What else could the younger say, and it likely wouldn't be more valuable than his silence and acceptance.

"I-" George started to wonder if he was going to get dizzy flicking the attention so quickly between the two, watching as words got stuck in Dream's throat, freckled cheeks cooling down and enough blood rushing to his brain for an expression that almost looked like penance to make its home onto the boy's face. "I didn't know..." Is *he going to ask me to go easy on him or not punish him at all?* The thought alone made his fingers curl in anticipation. "But I'm sorry." He blinked hard, surprised.

The brunet drummed his fingers on the boy's skin lightly, a pleased hum rising from his chest, even as his expression remained stony. "Thank you Dream, I know you didn't know. I do still have to punish you, so you remember the next time you want to do something stupid like this." A soft noise of acceptance sufficed, George finally sighing in disappointment and rolling to get off the bed with a final tap to the raven's thigh.

"Dream, roll over, and get comfortable. Sapnap, don't bother trying to get comfortable, it won't last long." He parted with, walking out of the room briefly, making his way towards their play room for one item in particular. Thankfully, for Dream, when he returned the younger was already on his hands and knees, close to the position he wanted, while Sapnap had moved to be resting more on his shoulders and upper back, hips flat on the bed. "You want your arms down lower Sap?" George asked gently, depositing the toy on the bed near his knee as he leaned onto the bed, running his thumb firmly along the crease of the raven's arms, determining how tense the muscles beneath were.

"Please? I don't want to cramp out." Sapnap asked, voice stronger than before and reassuring the brunet as he undid the first set of ties, releasing his arms from the wooden frame before gripping the boy's wrist and pressed them into the pillow above him, a silent instruction. "Thank you." A gentle kiss pressed to the inside of his elbow was a warm enough response that made Sapnap hum contently, despite knowing this was only before the punishment.

"Here's what's going to happen. Sapnap, I'm going to put this," George had since reached for the toy, which was a vibrating dildo and brought it up to the raven's vision," inside you, on medium to be fair. You are not allowed to cum, or I will make you wait more than a week until you cum again." George didn't bother waiting for a response, turning to the blond who had moved his head to watch him while still keeping his position, thighs shifting. "And I'm going to spank you Dream, until I think you get the lesson. However long that takes is how long Sapnap is going to have to

endure this going inside him. Got it?" It was slow forthcoming, but eventually two reluctant noises of approval filled the room. "Good." A moment passed in silence before Sapnap shivered at a warm thumb brushing across his thigh firmly, warning to lean into it more than flinch away at how gentle it was. "You both know you can safeword at any time, right?" Another stroke made black eyes blink lazily up to the ceiling, relaxing slowly under the steady rhythm.

"Yeah." Sapnap finally answered, breathing out steadily as George patted his thigh.

"Want to remind me what your safeword is?" George prodded just as gently, even if his tone was firm, reaching with his free hand to thumb over the bones on Dream's lower back, steady pressure through the blond's shudder.

He couldn't help but grin softly, turning his head up and somewhat long black hair pooling just above his shoulders as he met stern brown eyes. "Red." Sapnap answered, something clicking in brown eyes as George nodded curtly, pulling away after one last gentle stroke on his thighs, turning his attention to Dream and his already shaking thighs.

"You can just lay on the bed Dream." George said offhandedly, bringing his hand down to Dream's hips and pressing down hard once, encouraging the other to listen before completely retracting his touch, attention refocused on the raven who was breathing slowly. "Sap, hips up." A firm pat, nearly a slap if not for the fact it didn't leave an ounce of color behind, was quick to find its way to his outer thigh.

Now things became more difficult, Sapnap's teeth digging into his bottom lip and biting down hard enough to make color bloom vibrantly. Desire to brat, not so much for fun but out of pridefulness, and unwillingness to be punished, colored his desires, causing the slightest bit of hesitancy in his limbs. Still, he brought his knees up, feet apart as he gently careened his hips up until a pillow mercifully was tucked under, keeping his position without pressing most of the effort on his calves and thighs to hold his weight. At the silence that continued George brought his hand down harder on the youngest between his thighs, this time hard enough to leave a slight but quick to fade hand-print. "Sapnap." It was a prompt that had Sapnap hissing low in his throat, not easily audible.

"Thank you George." He answered quickly enough to avoid a second strike on his other thigh, wincing at the way George's fingers dug into the supple skin he struck, sending sparks flying through his nerves.

A sigh reached his ears, disappointment filling his chest until it settled deep, flexing his hands around the binds that held his wrists together. "Keep them spread, brat." George said tersely, the flip of a cap indicating that the brunet was getting along with it instead of continuing to tease him and fray his nerves. Somehow it was both better and worse, skin crawling in something he couldn't quite place yet. He didn't get to linger on it long, jumping in surprise as cold fingers pressed to his

already stretched rim, yelping just as quickly when the brunet brought his hand down hard on his outer thigh, no longer holding back and the hit stinging hard enough to make his eyes prickle a little. “Stay still.”

Sapnap couldn't help the whine that bubbled free from his throat, swallowing hard as he threw his head back hard into the pillow, shuddering and hissing as cold fingers prodded back to his rim, smearing enough lube on the outside that he could feel it dribble down along the crease of his ass, wanting to squirm in discomfort. “Ge-” Another hard slap to his thigh, a different one this time, mercifully, had him biting his lips hard and growling low in his throat, pain shooting up his legs and making his cock leak, eyes closing heavily as he forced out a slow exhale.

“I see now that I wasn't very clear.” George said deliberately, rubbing his index finger over the ravens fluttering hole while seeing thighs twitch in his peripheral, glancing up briefly to see the younger's tense expression and heaving chest. “I expect you to lay here.” A hit, softer than the ones for reprimanding but firm enough to ensure he still had Sapnap's attention. “And take everything I give you.” Another hit, this time muscles writhing underneath his fingertips as he left his hand in place, curling his fingertips in firmly to press slow to close thighs back open savagely, the sharp gasp of surprise making his own cock twitch in desire. “Without a word of complaint.” He circled his fingers around the boy's rim that already was trying to suck them in, toying with an idea as he waited long enough for his words to seep in. “All I want to hear from you tonight are apologies and begging. Anything else and I *promise* I will make it worse.” He raised his eyes up to see black eyes watching him, slightly shiny but not with water. “Got it?” Without wasting another moment he pressed his fingers in slowly, both at once and relishing in the way Sapnap's back curved, but his wrists stayed on the pillow and his legs remained open, if shaking. “Good boy.” He approved curtly, as if he was simply being polite, spreading his fingers apart with ease.

“Yessir.” Sapnap mumbled quickly, head tossed back enough that the skin on his collar bones were stretched and taut, Adam's apple bobbing with each hard swallow or sharp inhale as George pressed around him carefully, none of the earlier pleasure from before present. *And why would it?* That was when he was trying to make Sapnap lose his mind from feeling so good, to press on all the things Sapnap enjoyed. Control, pleasure, and above all, wanting to be good for George. But he had already misbehaved, he did something he knew he shouldn't so he was being punished. Sapnap winced and whined as fingers pulled out, deeming him acceptably stretched out to take the toy George had brought over. It was fairly thin, thinner than any of their cocks, but long and with a wicked curve that Sapnap knew from experience would press right onto his prostate.

George brushed his thumb over Sapnap's hole again, smirking fondly at the way it fluttered and tried to pull his finger in, thumbing the skin again to the younger's displeasure. *Fuck it, why not.* George thought to himself, reaching carefully for the dropped bottle of lube, flicking the cap back with a loud pop, dumping a decent squeeze onto the head of the toy, coating it generously. He almost felt bad at the way Sapnap relaxed slightly, some form of acceptance allowing him to. Almost.

Without missing a beat he pressed the tip of the bottle to Sapnap's hole, keeping a firm grasp on

the bottom half, unsurprised at how the younger's body instantly reacted, trying to suck the bottle in but George only letting the tip pass before squeezing a copious amount of cold lube into the younger's greedy hole. The loud shriek of surprise and the way the younger tried to close his legs made a genuine laugh fall from George's lips, using his elbows to prevent tanned thighs from crashing around his head and legs while quickly pulling the bottle away, chuckling as some slick instantly tried to leak out, once again pressing his thumb to the boy's entrance. "G-George." Sapnap stuttered, eyes fluttering heavily as he tried to lift his head up to meet coy brown eyes, shuddering again at the strange sensation combined with the heated look. "P-please-" His voice cut off as George slapped his thigh, gently by Dream's standards but hard enough for his disoriented body to shake and rip a cry free from his lips, no longer fighting to keep his head up and instead allowing it to fall on the pillow with dark hair halo-ing his face.

"There you go." George cooed unkindly, and at the way Sapnap's breath hitched in his throat before passing out softer told him he had found the right tone, clinging to it with both hands as he continued. "Just sit back and take it *pretty boy*." Even Dream shuddered at that one, George only now noticing how the blond had finally made his way to lie on his stomach as he waited patiently for once. "After all, that's all pretty boys are good for, isn't it?" The words were carefully chosen, a flash of recognition filtering into the raven's veins, a low keen that was more tender than before filling Sapnap's chest. A smile softer than he would like, but thankfully hidden from both boys, rose to his face, pulling his thumb away with a thin sheen of lube coating it, wiping it on the bed while reaching for the toy he had been prolonging on using for too long. "So just sit back and take it Sappy." He then pressed the toy in slowly, making sure to take his time to ensure the raven wouldn't tear or tense too hard and hurt himself, and getting a beautiful whine, long and breathy, as a reward for his efforts.

Sapnap let out a shaky exhale, already feeling a thing sheen of sweat covering his body as he kept his eyes closed, hardly able to breathe at the way he felt the toy, thinner than what he was used to, stretching him open. *That's probably why he only used 2 fingers.* He managed to string together between heavy breaths, chest heaving while allowing his eyes to flutter slightly, shuddering again at the way he could feel his body flex around the intrusion, warm hands rubbing gentle circles into his hip bones, trying to encourage him to relax before proceeding. *This is a punishment but he's still so nice.* A pink tongue pressed out to lick chapped lips, each breath starting to get easier, not that it would last long. "Fuck." He finally said, unsurprised when a hand rose to strike his thigh again, flinching and moaning loudly at the pain that just bordered too much, tolerance not nearly as high as Dream's.

"I'll take it that if you can misbehave, you can take your actual punishment then." George commented dryly, giving a final gentle caress before letting his fingertips drift to the base of the toy, pressing the button to turn it on without bracing it and making Sapnap squirm as it pressed in deeper. He smirked smugly before flicking the switch that brought the intensity up, letting it linger at a lower end of 3 before quickly ramping it up to 6. The raven jerked at the sudden stimulation, yelping and squirming as the tip of the toy pressed against his prostate, cock leaking heavily as he moaned. The pleasure was short lived as two hands came down on his thighs, heat and mild sparks of pain rushing beneath where they landed. "Stay." Another swipe had his back arching while willing his hips still and thighs open despite the way they twitched to close. "Still." Again they came down, and this time he let himself fall completely on the bed, nearly boneless and moaning incoherently as the toy continued to press and buzz against his prostate. "Whore." Finally the hands

rubbed into his thighs, but it did little to alleviate the sting but instead forced him to focus on it, hands flexing hard as his vision blurred beneath closed eyelids.

“Sorry George.” Sapnap mumbled between whines, holding one back as warm hands pulled away from his thighs and a comforting weight pulled away, leaving him isolated on an island of pleasure that was both impossible to ignore and resist as his cock twitched with each small motion that pressed it more firmly inside.

“Good boy, now stay still and remember, no cumming.” The brunet reminded as he finally was able to turn his attention to the taller boy whose hands were twitching in anticipation. “Dream, on your knees, and then on my lap.” He left zero room for argument or misunderstanding, easily settling in beneath the blond when the other rose enough for him to. Green eyes stared at his nervously, lips pinched between teeth and muscles tense, stiff even, as he slowly deposited himself over the brunet’s lap.

He ran his hand down the taller’s spine, slowly dragging his fingers lightly across already fraying nerves if trembling limbs were any indication. So he splayed a warm palm on his lower back, resting it there while rubbing his thumbs reassuringly, waiting until the tension ebbed out of broad and freckled shoulders. “You aren’t being mouthy for once.” George commented passively, noting as Dream tensed before relaxing again, fingers kneading into the bed sheets briefly as a soft breath, nearly a chuckle, brushed past notably quiet lips.

“M nervous.” Dream admitted after several long seconds, nearly wincing at how his thighs tensed hard when George’s hands shifted lower, creeping closer to his ass while each breath rattled his chest. “I don’t think I could be mouthy if I wanted to...and I do.” He covered at the end, cheeks flushed but mercifully hidden into the sheets of their bed, the cloth just barely muffling his words. A thoughtful hum, nearly drowned out by a particularly loud and desperate moan from Sapnap that was likely a result from how long it was taking just to get Dream’s punishment started, did indicate that George heard him. He gasped when pale fingers dipped just between the crease of his ass, cold and gently wriggling to try and provoke him into squirming, nearly working as his eyes fluttered and spun out of focus, nerves frayed at his nervousness and underlying excitement, digging his nails into his palms to hold onto the slight shreds of sense he had left.

“You should be.” George replied carefully, pulling his fingers back again, and instead taking a palmful of the blond’s ass into hand, this time squeezing painfully hard at the surprised jerk Dream made, relenting once the younger let himself go limp, tense still, in his lap. “You wanted to make a bet at my expense, for your ego at that.” He squeezed hard again, a soft noise of approval coming forth as Dream simply keened but remained still. “Don’t you think you deserve to be punished?” Try as he might, the tone that came forth was less curious and more... expecting.

Dream’s breath hitched, easy to feel on his outer thigh where the other’s sternum rested, the rest of his chest and neck resting on a pillow to avoid painful pressure. The words were true, even if he

couldn't say it was quite at George's expense, it was definitely made to boost his own ego. So he let out the patchy inhale with a more steady exhale, closing his eyes that still refused to focus while forcing the tension that remained in his thighs away, toes curling still. "I do." Dream said meekly, something tingling at his brain. It felt... cottony almost, like it provided a fuzz to every thought and slowed his actions. He didn't hate it, but it wasn't comfortable, feeling out of control and foggy. A shiver passed through his body languidly while George hummed thoughtfully again, a sound that never bode well for either boys. Even Sapnap let out a soft whine, body arching into the air only centimeters before exhaling hard and forcing his hips flat against the pillow with a dry sound.

"Then ask me to punish you." Green eyes flit back open, no sharper than before and instead seeming more muddled as pink warmth filled his cheeks further, the sensation bitter and painful almost, the sensation crawling down to his wisdom teeth in his jaw, feeling like pinching. He tried to open his mouth, to argue or comply, but nothing came out, the words catching in his chest as pride, foolish yet strong, twisted itself around his vocal cords. "Don't keep Sapnap waiting, Dream." There was a sharper tone that twined into his words that were otherwise soft and innocuous, fingernails digging ever so slightly into his skin.

The twine in his throat fell away at the gentle sound that came from the raven, one again breathing out so hard he wondered how his lungs remained in his chest, drawing in a shaky breath. "Please George, punish me." Dream breathed out, the words quiet, something George would have to hammer in later, but considering the younger boy's nerves at his first true punishment, he would allow it to slide... for now.

Smack!

It took a long moment for the hit to register, green eyes blinking at the sudden onset of pressure against unassuming flesh. It was only a moment though, as heat and pain suddenly flushed through his nerves, racing to his fingertips and throat as a loud cry, surprised, ripped free. Dream couldn't help the way his body lurched, wanting to move away or his hands that went to reach back to rub at the afflicted area. Still, he was met by harsh hands, one linking around one wrist and twisting it enough to make his other hand stop cold, a pathetic moan making its home in his throat, legs no longer shifting to move even as a cold hand pressed mercilessly on his heated skin. "I will tie you up if you do not stay still Dream." George practically hissed in his ear, teeth just grazing his shoulder before pulling back, practically throwing Dream's wrist back towards his head, indicating where the blond was permitted to keep his limbs. "Got it?"

Dream's lips curled in distaste, cheek still stinging and ego already bruised at the first hit. He knew George was surprisingly strong despite his lithe form, but he wasn't expecting the first hit to be that painful. *God I'm so fucked.* "Got it." A light tap, just short of painful, struck the same area and he hissed low in his throat, already nearly seeing stars. "Got it, Sir." It took too much effort to make him not sound sarcastic, most of it spent on finding words in the first place as his throat lumped in nervous anticipation.

“Good boy.” Sometimes Dream hated the way those words made his stomach boil and cock, that had flagged slightly, twitch in interest. Once again his back began to prickled as George delayed the next hit, the process infuriating as it only left Dream to his thoughts of how he got here, of how much it would hurt once George really got into it, how he didn't know how far it would go and instead would go until the brunet thought he had learned his lesson. All of it swirling through his body painfully, stomach nearly writhing while deceptively gentle hands stroked the curves of his ass teasingly. “I want you to count every hit, or I will do the same one over.” George nearly licked his lips at the way Dream’s body tensed on his thighs as he pulled his hand off the other, knowing exactly why and relishing the way he tensed and squirmed. “I am not going to wait for you to catch up if you fall behind, got it?”

Dream nodded, feeling gut punched. “Yes Sir.” He answered tersely, shivering when the hand on him pulled away, leaving him in a muddled foggy space while waiting for the next hit. He tensed and nearly flinched when George moved, the chuckle that reached his ears in tandem with another moan from Sapnap made his ears turn as red as his cheeks, now knowing George was dragging this out just to make it more hellish. *Fucking bast-*

He didn’t get to finish his thought as George deemed *that* the appropriate time to swing back down, the force of the hit grinding Dream’s half hard cock against the brunet's bare thigh. Pain, sharp enough to punch through the fog and leave him breathless mixed with soft and gentle pleasure that was nowhere near enough to ease the sting, instead leaving a half choked sound in the back of his throat. Green eyes shone as Dream blinked hard, barely rasping out a pain filled “One.” during the short pause. There was little time to be grateful, or even acknowledge the pleased hum George made, his hand once again falling over the skin on his ass, rocking him forward again and sending him scrabbling into bed sheets hard as he shouted in pain. “Two.” Another hit had his face pressed into the sheets, breathing hard as tears brimmed in his eyes, grip so tight his knuckles were white and ass already taking on a soft pink shade, the sting worse than he thought. “Three.” Dream murmured softly, wincing as fingers dug into the short strands of hair and tilted his head with little difficulty, too shaken too try and maintain what little pride he had left, staring with glazed eyes towards Sapnap’s sweat sheened body and blissed out expression as another moan rolled through the room.

“Keep counting, I want to hear you.” A savage tug had him shaking and keening into the air, hips canting forward slightly and being ‘rewarded’ with a harsh slap to his thighs. “Trying to hide your face and the cute little noises you’re making, did you really think I would let you?” George quirked an, waiting for an answer and digging his fingertips into Dream’s hips, the younger moaning at the familiar pain and touch. “I asked you a question, Dream.” Sometimes it was a hard line to bridge, being too rough with the shorter boy, to teach Dream what he expected and to get those results without going too far, being too rough. With Sapnap it had been easy, the younger practically made for him with how easily he had taken to everything, but Dream was a delicate dance. He wanted to submit, he had made that very apparent after their first time, but needed a strong hand to guide him there without completely ruining him. George was worried he had crossed too far with the way a shaky sob already fell past bitten lips, green eyes locking onto his with a heavy sheen, face red and splotchy.

“No.” The lack of a ‘Sir’ made something in George’s palms twitch, waiting another moment as a show of grace. “Sir.” His voice was rough, in stark contrast to how liquid Sapnap sounded behind him, moans growing louder as his own will power seemed to be waning, the constant shuffling indicating the younger was squirming quite a bit to alleviate some of the pressure.

“Hmmm.” George swiped his thumb across Dream’s hip before raising his hand and bringing it down hard across the blond’s ass. He couldn’t help but moan at how Dream’s eyes widened for only a moment before shutting as he moaned painfully, cock rubbing once again on his thigh, hard and leaking furiously at the pain and pleasure that were not evenly balanced. “Then why did you do it?”

Dream whined, reopening his eyes to stare at Sapnap’s trembling frame, mild jealousy burning in his stomach how the younger’s punishment was to feel good whereas his was pain. Even if he had a higher pain threshold and was a masochist, the constant burn that settled into his skin left him aching for more, something he could use to get off instead of waiting for the next hit while panting like a bitch in heat. “Ge-Sir, I’m sorry.” He tried, not able to hand an answer, just wanting his punishment to be over.

A strangled cry filled the room when George’s hand came down again, harder than before, his hands reflexively trying to reach back but stopping them on his own and slamming them into the bed with a wail of frustration, tears bubbling over the rim and flowing down his cheeks. “I’m sorry.” He hiccuped again, the pause in the hits reminding him that he was being expected to count. “4 and 5.” He muttered, the next hit he was slightly more ready for but just as hard as the one before it, shouting hard before sobbing.

“*That* one was 5.” George corrected simply, rubbing the sting out briefly as Dream squirmed in his lap, clearly in discomfort. “Which makes this one?” He asked while bringing his hand down, nearly wincing at how his own hand was starting to feel a dull ache. The resulting sob, broken and shaky, made up for it, tears streaming down flushed and splotchy cheeks reward enough.

“Six.” George shuddered at how utterly fucked out the blond’s voice was, rubbing his hand hard into tender flesh just to feel Dream’s cock twitch and throb against his thigh while its owner trembled in pain. It was then he was reminded of his own cock that strained against the blond’s stomach, something that the other no doubt could feel twitch with every pang of arousal he felt.

“Good boy.” He finally praised gently, rubbing the boy’s skin hard again to elicit a soft and sweet whine. “You both are being so good.” George said slightly louder for Sapnap to hear, the hard expression softening into something more tender, pulling his hand away from the blond. “Only a little longer...” His eyes curled up to shaking blond shoulders and raspy breaths. “Unless you want to make a deal Dreamie?” He offered gently, unable to hold back the smirk at how quickly blond

locks shifted and green eyes with a pleasant haze meeting him with open curiosity. “How about I go to... let's say 9, and I'll turn the vibe off for Sappy over there.” At a confused hum George glanced over his shoulder, leaning back enough to rest a gentle hand on trembling thighs that were still open even as a thick trail of precum leaked down the raven's cock and was making its way towards the boy's hole that was still clenched around the vibrating toy. “Then I'm going to get off using you. But you still aren't allowed to cum, no matter what choice you pick.”

It was entirely too funny how little time the blond took to make his decision, nodding in eager acquiescence. “I like that deal... sir.” George beamed at the words and, even if it was slightly delayed, use of honorifics. “Thank you.” So he left a final pat on the raven's thigh, still being gentle with how overwhelmed the boy was, before sitting up, eyeing the blond with hungry eyes.

Perhaps he was a bit cruel, his answer being a rapid swing down onto Dream's ass just to catch a started shout, the blond's voice going tight as he lurched forward again, blinking slowly as the pain rolled through his body. “Seven.” He forced out, warmth pooling in George's stomach and cock.

“Good boy.” He praised again, something intoxicating in the way Dream went entirely lax and Sapnap keened loudly behind him, impatient as always but with enough common sense to not argue or give him too much lip.

The next two swats went quickly, Dream letting out a particularly harsh sob at the last one that had his ass a mean shade of pink, hands flexing into the bed even as he shook. “God, please George.” He nearly sobbed, whimpering as George pulled him up by his hips so the brunet could pull back enough to turn the vibrator off for Sapnap, thumbing along the raven's hole where the toy was. A visceral shudder rippled through the youngest as George pulled the toy out slowly, thumbing over him again before pulling away with a gentle kiss pressed to his thighs as Sapnap slowly relaxed, black eyes molten with lust and fog.

“You did so good for me, both of you.” He said warmly, thumbing along the curve of Dream's ass gently, carefully avoiding the boy's red and tender ass as he rolled from underneath, shifting tip bring the boy face up in his lap. Dream winced as he sat in the boy's lap, butt still stinging until George wrapped lean fingers around both of them, breath hitching. “So good, taking your punishments so well.” George cooed, leaning forward to press kissed laced with teeth along the shaking boy's collarbones, humming pleasantly as Dream brought unsteady arms to hand loosely on his shoulders.

“George.” Dream whined, jumping as one hand wrapped possessively on his ass, digging his fingernails in and letting his head rest on the brunet's shoulder as he writhed. “Ow, hurts...” He muttered, wincing when George chuckled in his ear, tightening his grip on their cocks and dug his nails into the blond's ass further, pain shooting up his body while his eyes blurred out of focus.

“It’s supposed to darling.” The pet name rang in his ear pleasantly, a shudder rolling through his body at it, moaning again when George rolled his thumb over the tip. “God, so pretty and good for me.” He babbled quietly, already working close to his orgasm with another slow stroke, Dream’s chest heaving. “Taking your punishment and crying so prettily, do you both know what you even do to me?” The question only got two soft noises, black eyes still wet and green ones shut tightly while also wincing at the drag of nails on sensitive skin, rolling his hips into the quickening hand on him. “Drive me, fuck, crazy.”

“Close.” Dream muttered softly against a pale collarbone, pressing a searing kiss that had George shivering, speeding up. “Please, George, I-” A light pat to his ass had him writhing, teeth grazing pale skin at the sparks of pain on abused flesh making his focus blur.

“You still don’t get to cum Dream, just-” George paused to let out a harsh puff, using his hand to grind their hips together and stroking faster while Dream moaned helplessly, twitching in his hand. “Be good and take it.” A smug smile pressed into Dream’s neck, hardly registering as pain that was stronger than the pleasure around his dick swirled through his veins, nails digging in slightly into George’s back and leaving dull welts. “That’s what you wanted to win at, right? Who can take my cock better?” He purred, nipping at sensitive skin as the tension in his stomach tightened, nearly ready to unravel.

“Mhmm.” Dream hummed indecipherably into his neck, eyes screwed shut as he forced his orgasm back, barely clinging onto a thin thread of sanity, each quick and rough stroke to his cock nearly unraveling it.

George laughed into the crease of his neck, nipping harder where fading bruises rested, flashes of possessiveness filling him. “Can’t even speak anymore can you?” He taunted, another hum, louder and more pleasure filled, seeped into his chest, breathing in hard. “God, you both are so perfect.” George muttered before sinking his teeth hard into the blond’s neck, sucking hard to leave a hickey as Dream’s body shook and arched away, his hand squeezing harder on the boy’s ass to keep him closer.

The loud sob right in his ear and fingertips digging in slightly harder to his back sent George over the edge, hand stroking over himself quickly as he pumped his hips shallowly, each soft whimper and strangled cry Dream made sent his eyes rolling back. He dug his teeth in slightly harder, nearly breaking skin before pulling away with an apologetic lick to the area, admiring the deep, violent purple mark as he finally pulled his hand off, Dream’s near sob filling the air as he was left hard.

“George.” He tried to complain even as George gripped him firmly by the hips, cum still on one hand and leaving smears on freckled skin, angling the taller boy onto the bed on his back despite the wince he made. “Hurts.”

So he smiled softly, forcing the sharp remarks back once shiny green eyes met him with blatant desperation, leaning down to kiss the blond gently. It only lasted a moment before he pulled away. "It's a punishment Dream, it's supposed to." George reaffirmed, brushing a thumb over now pouting and flushed cheeks before pulling away to stand up, making his way to Sapnap who's breathing had evened out, even if his eyes were slightly dazed. "How are you feeling pretty boy?" He asked while reaching up to undo the ties around Sapnap's wrists, replacing them with his own gentle fingers, rubbing firmly but not unkindly to encourage circulation to start pumping blood through the rope-marked area.

The raven preened at the attention, thumbing the skin on George's wrists without interrupting before George started the same motions further down his arms. "I'm okay." Sapnap finally managed with a thick tongue, only half flagged as he continued to calm down, shuddering as George's thumbs passed over his inner elbow. "Tired, cuddles?" He suggested with a pleading grin that was met by an exasperated, but still fond, sigh.

"Let me get some warm towels to clean up, and some cream for Dream's butt okay?" George said gently, snorting at the put out expression Sapnap gave him but not acknowledging further than reaching for the disregarded sex toy on the bed, taking it with him and leaving it in the sink to clean later, after cuddles and sleep.

Dream shuffled over with a slight wince, reaching out to pull Sapnap closer, pressing his nose right into the crown of black hair where he still sniffled from the dull sparks of pain and hard on, warm arms wrapping around his waist and a cold nose tucking into his neck soothing an ache in his chest and stomach he hadn't felt until then. "Hey Dreamie." Sapnap mumbled into the boy's neck, palms flat against his stomach as he shivered from Dream's hands resting on his waist.

"Sorry for getting us in trouble." Dream offered gently, skin still crawling at how hard he was but the feeling was slowly ebbing away without stimulation, exhaustion quickly catching up from the punishment.

The raven pressed a kiss to the bruise that George left on the blond's neck, smiling at the tremble he got in response. "It's okay, I shouldn't have taken that bet anyways." Sapnap answered gently, rubbing small circles into the others back as George came back into the room, already wearing a deep blue pair of underwear with two more, one black and the other red, in hand with the other items he left for.

"Dream, dear, I need you to turn a little so I can put some cream on." George said gently, only acting offended when Dream sighed. "I could just not put it on if you'd like..." A hand grabbed his wrist quickly.

"Come on George, just do it and then cuddle with us." Dream protested, sleepiness coloring his

tone. Even Sapnap stared under blond strands with a tired look.

“Brats, the both of you.” The older commented in response, taking his time to rub soothingly cool lotion on the younger boy’s ass, trying to be gentle and only getting a few sounds of discomfort for his effort. “Lift your hips up.” George added as a last request, shimmying the red pair of boxers up freckled thighs, letting the waistband snap into place with a playful smile at the rueful expression he received.

“I already cleaned myself while you were flirting, can we just cuddle and sleep?” Sapnap whined, pulling his own pair of black boxers up with a pleading look.

George hummed thoughtfully, pulling away to turn the lights of the room off and carefully trying to get into the bed, two separate arms reaching out to tug him carelessly into a tangle of limbs. “Be careful!” George chastised gently, unable to put up much argument when Dream curled up to his side, the brunet reaching out to rub the tallest’s back while Sapnap touched under his arm, reaching around to loop both arms around George’s chest. So he chuckled, tipping his head back with a smile to stare at the ceiling while the other two snuggled in closer, somewhere along the way all were touching one another. “Sorry George.” Dream muttered into the crux of his neck lips pressed out as he spoke, humming at the possessive grab George made, melting into the affection.

“It’s done now, you both took your punishments so it’s forgiven.” George mumbled sleepily, thumbing along warm skin on either side, a light snore already rising from where Sapnap lay. “Good night Sap, Dream.”

Dream hummed softly, dozing off as Sapnap’s fingers stroked along his ribs sleepily, as if to make sure he was still there. “G’night.”

Chapter End Notes

Hooopefully that was a good read for everybody. I like this chapter fairly well, might come back and edit a bit but nthing major to change the flow. Just some sentences I felt were choppy but couldn't for the life of me actually rework into something I was in love with.

My next project will either be "I'll make you Scream" or starting the groundwork for a new part of George is A brat cause I got an idea for their story. Either way, due to me getting more shifts at work now, I will likely be updating every other week, instead of weekly.

Feel free to follow me on Twitter at SmutAndSimping, I like to ramble about current works, talk about potential future ideas(had a fairly cool one today that I'll likely do in

March), and bitch about the fact I cannot write fics under 10k to save my life.

Also its been only 5 months since I started posting as of the 21st? Like? Crazy, i dont usually stick around fandoms this long but I'm glad I'm still having a great time here with all the wonderful people I've met <3

Thanks again for reading everybody! Hope you enjoy and stay safe out there!! <3333

End Notes

Hope you guys all liked it. Sorta ended in a weird place, but I will be working on part 2 over the next few days. Dream isn't ready, and none of you are ready for what I have up my sleeve. *Brat* Dream. I'm hyped, thanks for reading hope y'all will enjoy part 2 when it comes out! <3

If anybody was wondering, I use He/him pronouns. Ty <3

(To the 5 people who 'think' I'm Dream, this is for y'all <3)

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